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CLOSING DAYS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The plashing breakers on the beach seem to
the listening ear
To wail a soft plaintive dirge for the departing year;
The yellow leaves, whirl'd o'er the path by
the sharp autumn breeze,
In eddying clouds are falling fast from all
the rustling trees.

The frost-beads sparkle on the grass, bright
in the chilly dawn;
The mateless thrush his lonely meal seeks on
the rectory lawn;
The laurustinus 'gins to show her white and
roseate flowers—
Sure token that have fled at last the summer's golden hours.

Black berries on the privet hang, the ash
shows clusters red,
Crown'd with a scarlet diadem King Oak's
majestic head;
The elms are orange, the queen beech is
robed in russet brown,
And from the graceful pendent birch dun
leaves come showering down.

Ah, sweet and solemn are the days that mark
the dying year,
Waking, like music, in the heart some slumbering memories dear—
Of times gone by, of friends long dead, of
happy fleeting hours,
When our fond youth was one long dream of
love and joy and flowers.

PATTY PAYNE PAPERS.

By MARGERY LAIRD.

All the world and its poor relations (especially the poor relations, who hope to get so much a page for the story), are relating wonderful things of men and women a hundred years ago; but I can only go back a quarter of a century, and tell you something about the badness and the goodness of poor little Patty Payne.

Everybody nowadays has heard of Max and Maurice, "those bad boys," who came to grief through doleful tricks and general naughtiness, and when I read, for the first time, that lamentable history, I closed the small green volume, and handed it across the table to my Roger——"Dear, whoever wrote that book must have heard of Patty Payne!"

And you shall all hear of her. For a more peculiar, provoking, erratic little person never wore innocent-looking blue ribbons and sat in the minister's pew. She had a checked silk, I remember—a cool, lovely gray—made with a very long waist and mutton-leg sleeves, and she wore a white Leghorn hat with ribbons tied in a great bow under her soft chin. When she used to come into church, shyly, with drooping eyelids, and settle herself demurely down among the faded cushions, she looked as incapable of mischief as a sucking dove. Dr. Payne, high up in a pulpit like a big goblet, would frown at her over his spectacles; and the way Patty sat under his preaching, a sweet pious little Puritan, with her hands folded over her hymn book, would have melted a heart of stone.

How such a stray ever got into the doctor's family was a mystery to those who knew them. There they all sat in the square, high-backed pew, a long row of sleek flaxen heads and shining morning faces—an orderly, well mannered minister's family of girls and boys—and there sat Patty at the head of them, the very incarnation of demure perverseness, and yet outwardly the best behaved of the flock.

Was she pretty? Not—exactly, but she was decidedly unique! She was short and slim, with small soft china-blue eyes, and she wore her hair, which was almost red, drawn straight back with a black velvet band like a fillet, and twisted into a low knot on her neck. She had a graceful little head set very straight on a fair round throat, and her skin, a wee bit freckled about the cheeks and nose, was as white as milk. But nobody ever thought about Patty Payne's fairness or features, they were so secondary to that odd taking *something* about her—a something that nobody ever analysed—about her movements and manner, the turn of her head and the droop of her lashes; and she could charm a lecture into a caress in a way that was truly magical. There was only one person that she never disarmed. Dr. Payne, though a truly good man, was of the straightest sect, and never gave up exacting tithes of mint, anise and cummin from poor Patty, the field of whose soul could only grow as yet thistledown and wildflowers and weeds.

Patty and I were wonderful friends, and I was always the one who helped her out of her scrapes, sympathized with her sorrows, and honestly thought nothing sweeter than her sober kittenish ways.

One day Patty came up to see me with an unusually long face. It was October, and I was in the front yard taking up my flowers—Hugh was an old bachelor and had no one but me to look after things—and I ran forward to meet her, taking her dear little face between my palms and kissing it two or three times before she could say a word. When she did it was not enthusiastic.

"Your hands are dirty," she remarked, trying to curl her small straight nose, and I knew at once that Patty was out of temper with herself. So I let her alone.

I worked away at my roses, and asked her no questions. She stood for some time pretending to watch me, she was leaning against the railing of the portico languidly rubbing her cheeks with her handkerchief, and looking both sulky and guilty. At last I turned around.

"Patty Payne," I said, solemnly, "you have been in some mischief?" and I fixed her with my glittering eye.

"Don't!" she pouted, laughing uneasily. "You glare at me just like father. I have been at home all morning, darning sissy's stockings and hearing Tom read."

"Patty Payne," I responded, severely, "if you hadn't been in mischief you would never come to me with that innocent, injured air!"

"I think I will wash my face!" cries Miss Patty, darting up the steps.

I waited to finish my bed of heliotrope, then I laid down my trowel, called David, and followed Patty into the house. I found her in the library, sitting bolt upright in Hugh's big green chair.

"Did you wash your face?" I asked, in a matter-of-fact way.

"No," said she, sulkily; "I changed my mind."

"It is your conscience that needs washing I am afraid, my dear."

"You wise woman! Well, it always comes to you for soap and water! Oh, Marg——"

And then I knew the whole tide was coming, and, being used to such confessions, sat down to hear it at my ease.

"Oh, Marg——" and Patty, fairly penitent by this time, leaned forward and looked up at me pitifully, "what do you think I have been doing now?"

"You are capable of almost anything," said I, philosophically.

"Marg!" (the injured innocence of those soft blue eyes!) "do you really think it is as bad as that?"

"I really think so. You have a genius for getting into mischief, poor child."

"Yes?" said Patty, in doleful assent. "Father says I am possessed with a devil sometimes. Well, anyhow, Marg, it is a merry imp!" and the blue eyes twinkled. She was going through her usual spasmodic attack of confession; the first stage was rapidly passing, and Miss Martha beginning to see the joke. That was why she was so irreclaimable—she never got into a scrape without feeling the humor of the position more keenly than her fault. And Patty's scrapes were so very comical!

I sighed in mute protest against that twinkle of the old Adam.

"What is it this time, Patty?" I asked.

"Masquerading," quoth Patty, with a lapse into penitence, for she knew well enough that her wonderful imitative talent was at the bottom of nearly all her misdeeds. "Oh, Margery, my friend! I could a tale unfold!"

"Unfold it then, and make haste, for it's nearly dinner time."

"Cold-hearted creature, to talk about dinner when I am so wretched! And really, Marg, this is something very serious."

"You can't frighten me, Patty Payne."

The poor dear little lamb sighed dismally, and cast a pathetic glance in my direction. I took no notice and asked no questions, and my young lady finally had to come to the point.

"It was such a lovely morning, you know, Marg, dear, and the leaves such exquisite colors, I felt as I just must get up early, while the birds were singing and the dew on the grass, and go for a walk in the woods. I do so love nature!" in a melting tone.

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"HER PUCKERED OLD FACE PEERED AT ME FROM UNDER HER IMMENSE CAP FRILLS IN A WAY THAT MADE MY FLESH CREEP."

"No hypocrisy, madam!" was my sole comment.

"You know my skirts always get so draggled walking in the dew, and my shoes soaking wet, and the briers and things tear me all to pieces——"

"You little humbug," said I, with an affectionate smile.

"And it was so very early that I was sure nobody could possibly see me, so I——so I——"

"Dressed yourself out in Toby's clothes! Patty, Patty, Patty! You did that once before!"

"But nobody found me out," said Patty, with delightful candor. "Dear me, why is Toby so near my own size! It has always been a temptation to me, and I think it is very, very hard," with an air of deep affliction.

"You manage to live under the trial," said I, heartlessly. "I do hope nobody found you out this time."

"Yes, that is what makes it so dreadful"—(you see that Patty's ideas of right and wrong were not very orthodox). "I was just running through the lane, feeling refreshingly tomboyish and happy, when a gentleman on horseback came right on me. Oh, dear! I pulled Toby's cap down over my eyes and shrank into the corner of the fence. I was really *so* mortified!"

"You poor child," I murmured, with the ready and misplaced sympathy that it was Patty's forte to extract from her friends.

"Yes, wasn't it mortifying! And then he spoke to me. Oh, dear!"

She heaved a great, soft sigh.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Hello, boy there! What's your name?'"

"'Toby Payne,' I answered, shaking in Toby's shoes. With my cap very low down, and my voice a little gruff, I think I might pass for Toby. Don't you?"

"I can't say I do, Patty."

"At any rate, he said, 'One of old Dr. Payne's boys, I see. There are so many of you lads that it is hard to know you apart. So you are Toby? Well, Toby, will you do me a favor? I am going across the field there to see a sick workman'—— And then Marg——"

An awful pause, Patty's mouth all puckered up, and her face preternaturally grave.

"Go on," impatiently.

"He—asked me to hold his horse!"

"It was just disgraceful!" I said, warmly. "I hope Dr. Payne will hear of it—I hope he will box your ears—I hope——" Each "hope" more energetic than the one before it. "You had sense enough to run away?"

"Indeed I hadn't, then. I thought maybe he would give me a penny," said she, demurely, "and I firmly resolved that if he did I would put it in the plate."

I could have shaken her.

"Tell me the rest, and let me go and see about dinner," I said, coldly.

A faint flicker of amusement curved the corners of Patty's mouth. She put her hand up to hide it, but it was no use. She curled herself up in Hugh's chair and began to laugh.

"Oh, Marg, it was too good!—and so very dreadful! When he came back he didn't say a word but just 'Thank you,' and got on his horse. Then he looked at me, carelessly at first, and afterwards so oddly, with a slow, queer smile, and I felt all over what was the matter. I knew what he looked. He looked *braids!* I put up my hand, and there they were, two odious red plaits hanging out from under Toby's cap, down to my knees!"

"Do you suppose he recognized you?" I asked, anxiously.

"How do I know. He didn't say a word, but rode off still smiling. I hope he thought I was sissy. We are a good deal alike."

In Patty's own opinion she must have borne a general resemblance to the whole flock.

"Poor sissy!"

"Oh, sissy is so young it doesn't matter—only if father heard of it I will have to tell—I couldn't get her into a scrape. What shall I do?" In contrite despair.

I sat and thought. There was one person to whom I took all my problems.

"I will ask Hugh," I said at last.

Patty did not reply. I looked up from my meditations to find her face crimsoned all over, and her blue eyes moist.

"Please," she said, piteously, "don't—*don't* ever tell him! He would think me so—so—unmaidenly—and I am quite sure he didn't know me. Marg, it was Mr. Hugh himself!"

And just then Hugh opened the door.

There I sat in the attitude of a judge, stern and unbending, and there sat poor little Patty, with her childish head laid becomingly against the green lining of Hugh's chair, and her face all grieved and flushed, with her small hands folded beseechingly, and her lip quivering.

Hugh said nothing at the time. Patty choked down her tears with a truly beautiful effort at composure, and looked intensely pathetic as she tied on her hat. But after she had fairly started home, Hugh seeing her to the gate, he came back to me.

"Marg," he said, severely, "I am surprised at you—lecturing and hectoring that poor tender-hearted little thing."

That is the way the Pattys of this world get their deserts.

About six weeks later, a cold, bleak day, when the leaves were falling, and my heart depressed by the weather, as girls' hearts are very apt to be, I was sitting on the front steps with a blanket shawl drawn close about my shoulders, and a volume of Tupper's poems on my lap. Tupper was the fashion of that particular hour, but I could not fix my thoughts upon his empty measures. My eyes wandered to the bare tree tops and leaf-carpeted ground, to the cloudy sky and the rugged hills, seeing many fair and fanciful things, as the eyes of seventeen do. But they saw nothing they loved as well as Hugh coming in at the gate. Dear Hugh! I can recall now the very sound of his feet among the fallen leaves heaped ancle deep upon the walk.

He was thirty-four, and I not seventeen, and there was only Hugh and I. Baby brothers and sisters had died off between like little flowers, father and mother were to me but lovely shadows, so his love was the only home-love I had ever known.

You can see why I laid my hand in his when he sat down beside me, and put my head on his shoulder as I used to when I was a baby. And then he told me:

"Marg," he said, gravely, "I am going to be married in the spring."

"Oh, Hugh!"

My heart stood still, but I did not take my hand away, nor raise my head. He was just as much my Hugh as ever. Though not long before his news would have half killed me—now I had a Roger! And the difference that made!

While I sat in silence waiting for his next words, a sudden intuition came over me like a spasm. I clutched his arm and gasped out:

"Hugh! why Hugh, it surely can't be Patty Payne?"

"Dear little Patty Payne! Yes, Marg, and why not?"

I saw by Hugh's face that he had fallen in love "as we fall down stairs."

"Am I too old for her, bless her dear heart?" Then his eyes grew wonderfully tender. "I do believe the little thing loves me, dear."

I groaned in spirit. I knew Hugh so well—knew how Patty could twist him around her finger if she chose. He would love her and worship her and spoil her utterly, and she would forever and ever impose upon him—as she imposed on me!

But I kept *my* wisdom to myself.

"Indeed you are not too old for her," I said, laying my hand on his handsome head. "Why, you talk as if you were gray! Your hair is the brownest and prettiest in the world."

"You forget — Rogers?" suggested Hugh.

Truly I had. Rogers was certainly browner and curlier, and far, far silkier. But there was no use confessing that to Hugh.

"I am glad Patty is going to marry a man a great deal older than herself," I went on, with a little sisterly malice; "a wholesome respect for somebody will do her good."

"You were always hard upon Patty," said Hugh.

"*I* hard upon Patty!" And then it suddenly occurred to me to wonder if he had recognized her in Toby's clothes. She had been as good as gold for so long that I had forgotten all about that escapade. Hugh's ideal girl I knew was shy and silent and earnest-natured—not unlike Patty on her best behavior—and he had drawn her to me over and over again in our long firelight and moonlight talks. Was he really so innocent and so blind that he looked upon that tricky elf as the ideal girl? After all, she *was* the sweetest little darling in the world; and I began to excuse her in my own thoughts, and to picture what a lovely child-woman she would make when love for Hugh had developed her nobler nature. For it was there, I knew, folded in her waywardness and folly like the rosebud's heart within its pretty petals. Patty was very, very young; she was motherless; her father was too antagonistic to understand her, and Hugh—and Hugh. So I meditated, building rosy visions of my pretty Patty's future after all.

And I am convinced that every one of them would have been realized if it had not been for Patty's "merry little imp."

That winter, Patty, in the minister's pew, looked more dove-like than ever. Her lashes drooped lower; her dress would have suited a gray order of nuns; her face wore a sweet sobriety that was infinitely becoming under the circumstances. For everybody knew that she was engaged to Hugh. Bianca, the gentle, with her "maid's mild behavior," was a lion compared to my lamb-like Patty in those days. But I felt dreadfully guilty every time I met Toby's eyes. He was in a broad grin whenever he saw Hugh and "Our Patty" together, and used to wink at me most alarmingly. For "he knew that I knew that he knew" her capers.

Dr. Payne had given his consent, though he thought his daughter "too young to marry," and had "intended sending her for a year to school." He considered it his duty to inform Hugh of Patty's misdemeanor, and preached quite a sermon upon the deceitfulness of youthful charms. All of which impressed Hugh just this much:

"Marg," said he, when he came home, "isn't it a shame that Patty's own father should so misjudge her? Poor, patient little dear!"

A day came at last—such a day! I don't think Hugh and Patty and I ever forgot it. It was intensely cold and keen and beautiful, and Patty had been spending it with me. It was almost dark when she left; a few stars were shining in the rosy-gray sky, and I was sorry Hugh was not there to take her home. He was late that night. I told her so at the gate, and begged her to come back and wait until after tea. She had been unusually and suspiciously gentle and caressing all day, and looked so pretty, standing there irresolute—really irresolute, for a fluttering color came and went on her cheeks, and she hesitated before she said:

"I think I had better go, Marg."

She came close to me, with a curious expression on her face. "How much does Hugh love me?" she asked. "He is so cold and grave to me, Margie; sometimes I don't think he loves me at all."

I laughed, thinking how sweet she was, and how odd. "Hurry home, Patty," I said, "if you will go. Hugh's love is worth more than a dozen little humbugs like you!"

"Did you meet Patty?" I asked Hugh about an hour later as we sat in the library waiting for tea.

"Patty?" he said. "Was that Patty? I did see a girl on the other side of the road, but I never dreamed she would be out so late. It is a very long walk home; why did you let her go?"

"She would not be induced to stay, Hugh."

"You would not coax her to stay, you mean?" said Hugh, almost pettishly. "I thought you, at least, loved Patty dearly." And at that very moment the door-bell rang.

"Somebody to see Miss Margie," said David, our "man," from the entry; and then a shrill voice proceeded from the dimness behind him.

"Miss Peggy, may I come right in? I've got real nice eggs and some walnuts for you and Mr. Hugh, and come all this long way to see the two of you."

"Oh, dear! I am afraid it is Aunt Doddy," said I to Hugh, in a whisper, for a humpbacked and very tiny old woman had pushed past David into the room, and was setting a big round basket down beside the door.

"Aunt Doddy it is, to be sure, my dear lamb," cried the queer old creature, whose ears were evidently sharp if her form was wrinkled and her face puckered up like a hickory nut; "and Mr. Hugh minds me well, if you don't."

"I do remember you, now that I can see you, aunt," I said, in some confusion. "Aunt Doddy" was an unpleasant old woman who had nursed me through a long sickness when I was about ten years old, and, though I never quite got over my childish antipathy to the humpbacked and wrinkled face, she always seemed to cherish a fond feeling for "her child," as she persisted in calling me. For a year or so after my recovery she used to come in to see me almost monthly; but it had been nearly five years since I had seen her at all. Now she stood there blinking at me; a familiar, old-fashioned figure in her short skirts and frilled cap, while her long blue flannel cloak only exaggerated her deformity. She was always scrupulously clean, but there was the same faint smell of cheap tobacco about her, and I was sure that the same old corncob pipe was hidden away in her reticule.

"Sit down, Aunt Doddy," said Hugh, who never forgot to be polite, and I got up to give her a chair. But she remained standing, looking intently at me.

"And this is Miss Peggy?" said she in her cracked voice. "Dear, dearie me! What a young lady she has growed! It's been over five long years since I seen you, child."

"Yet you don't live very far," I suggested by way of conversation, feeling very ill at ease.

"*To* be sure. But twelve mile is a long tramp for old bones."

"You don't mean to say you walked in?" cried Hugh.

"No; a neighbor gave me a lift; but I walked the last two mile."

"Which way did you come?" I said, probably because I had nothing else to say.

Her puckered old face peered at me from under her immense cap frills in a way that made my flesh creep. "I come the long way because the lane back of Payne's lot is under water as high as over my cap."

"Under water!" cried Hugh. "How? Why?"

"The mill-dam down to Peterson's broke, and the river is most up to Parson Payne's back-door."

"When?"

"I heard of it on the road. It were just after sundown, I guess."

"I never heard of it," said Hugh, huskily. "My God!"

"It is awful," continued the old woman, with that taste for horrors that such people always display. "Two men were drownded in it, and great planks from the mill were a-bobbing down the lane—so I heard."

"It happened once before," said Hugh, almost in a whisper, "and swept man and beast before it. The lane and fields are right between the hills, and a perfect flat." His face was livid and drawn, and his eyes had purple rims under them. "Patty Payne went home that way."

A silence followed that struck a chill to my heart, but it only lasted for a second. Then Hugh got up and crossed the floor with me clinging to him, "I am going—going to—look for Patty!" he said.

The old woman "priest of evil," followed us with alacrity and laid one hand on Hugh's coatsleeve. We both turned, and looked right into Patty Payne's sacred eyes! She was too much alarmed to act out her part, and was magically changed just by the change of expression. Under the great cap frills and grizzled front was a white piteous quivering face. Hugh gave her one look—such a look of heart broken reproach as I never forgot—and then I sat down dizzily on the sofa and closed my eyes. When I gathered up my scattered wits it was to find Patty all in a heap on the floor sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Where is Hugh?" I asked in a dazed sort of way.

"(i-g-g-one," said poor Patty through her sobs.

"To see about the flood?" with a shudder?

"There—there—is-n-n't *any* flood," sobbed Patty Payne.

"What!"

"It—it—it was all a-a-story, Marg."

"You wicked, wicked girl!" I cried, "What possessed you to trifle with such love as Hugh's?"

"Possessed with a devil," quoted Patty dolefully.

"I think so," I said tartly, "why did you do it?"

"For—for—f-f-un," relapsing into sobs. Then she sat up on the floor and clasped her hands about her knees. "I didn't mean any harm, I can't help masquerading—it was born in me I do believe. And aunt Doddy was such a temptation! I thought I could fool you and Hugh."

"*What* made you tell such a tale about the mill dam?"

"A morbid thirst for the horrible," said Patty sedately. "And, Marg, I thought I would just try my power over Hugh. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, de-e-ear!" And the poor little creature lifted up such a grieved face that my heart was touched, and I went and sat down beside her on the floor.

"There, there, darling! Don't, don't, cry!" I said weakly, indignation melting into the old desire to comfort poor little Patty Payne. Perhaps you can imagine how comical she looked? With her hump and her cloak, and her cap frills, and the tears running down her cheeks.

"Hugh will forgive you, dear."

"No, he wont," said Patty briskly, wiping off the tears with her hand, "and I don't deserve that he should. Besides, I have no idea of marrying him now."

"Patty Payne!"

"I never realized it," said Patty seriously, "I don't love him as I ought to love him—I just had a sort of sentimental admiration for Mr. Hugh, just enough to make me blush and flutter, you know."

I knew well enough. Oh, Patty!

"You have acted shamefully to Hugh," I said.

"So I have," with her usual ready penitence, "but I truly thought I loved him, I was so young, Marg. Now I know what love is, I saw in it in his eyes when he thought I was in danger." (I *hope* I did Patty injustice when I fancied that she looked as if she enjoyed the recollection!) "and I can't, can't return it," with a sigh.

"Patty, it is a pity that you are such an excellent mimic," said a grave voice that made Patty hide her head on my shoulders, and crimson down to the handkerchief knotted around her throat. It was Hugh, who came in, and calmly looked down upon us. His face was composed and his lips smiled. "Look at me—Patty!" He added in the most masterful tone, I fancy, that she had ever heard.

I pitied Patty's mortification when she was forced to look up and meet his composed glance. She was neither charming nor piteous any longer; all the starch was taken out of her, and she looked, and, I am sure, felt nothing but a small girl in a hideous headgear and with a guilty conscience. She wanted to "try her power," and I think she was satisfied for the time.

"I am not angry with you," Hugh said, kindly, "and glad to find the flood a figment of your fertile brain. I am ready to take you home now, so run up to Margie's room and wash your face."

I cannot express the change in Hugh's manner, the indifferent elder brotherliness with which he spoke, not to the "ideal girl" by any means, but to "Margie's little friend," the Patty Payne he had known in pinafores. He was most decidedly clothed and in his right mind.

Patty was quite clever enough to take in all that it implied, and woman enough to strike one more blow for her kingdom. She got up from the floor as gracefully as circumstances would permit, and pushed off the ugly cap and front with a childish gesture.

"Don't you believe I did not mean it, Mr. Hugh?" she said, humbly, looking as if she would like to hide behind me, and lifting up a pair of shy and appealing eyes, like a little child begging to be forgiven.

I could not resist her, and put my arm sympathetically about her waist; but Hugh smiled heartlessly into the wan, entreating face.

"Toby's cap was more becoming than Aunt Doddy's, Patty," he remarked, "for 'the scent of—tobacco hangs round it still.'"

And Patty, covering her burning face with both hands, fled from the room and darted upstairs like a bird.

But she had to come down, muffled in my hood and shawl, and let Hugh take her home.

They started off into the winter night, with the cold starlight around them, Patty in a perfect agony of bashfulness, Hugh condescending, kindly and, in spite of himself, a little stern.

I waited up for him; I could not go to bed and let him come home to a dark and lonely house—for *I* could divine the short, sharp battle before he attained that pitch of self-control. My poor Hugh!

When he came in his face was worn and weary.

"Thank God!" he said, sinking into a chair.

"For what?" I asked, in wonder.

"For showing us our mistake in time. I would have made Patty wretched—poor undisciplined child!"

It was just like Hugh—thanking God for Patty's escape from *him!*

Two or three days after that, Patty sent for me. She was very quiet and subdued, and her eyes looked as if she had been crying. Her father, she told me, was going to send her away to school, and keep her there until she was eighteen. That would be next October. Please ask Mr. Hugh to forgive her, she said, shyly. And she gave me a thin gold chain for a keepsake, and clung to me tearfully when I bade her good-bye.

The last I saw of Patty she was standing in the open doorway shading her eyes with her arm and looking forlornly after me.

REVIEWER.

FROM J. R. OSGOOD & CO., Publishers, Boston:

One Summer. Price, $1.50.

This is certainly the most delightful "Story of a Summer" we have ever read. We do not *know* the author, but have *heard* it is a young lady of eighteen. If this be true—and we hope it is—we have the promise of some American novels that will be worthy of the name, for we take it for granted she will write more. The book has just been published, but is already as much talked about as Dr. Holland's "Seven Oaks." Every one is reading it, and every one ought to. We especially advise young men and maidens to read it without delay. We wish we had room to give some extracts, but we may again.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Publishers, Philadelphia:

Opium Eating. An autobiographical sketch. By an Habituate.

A narration of the personal experiences of one who has been a victim to this fearful habit, published at the request of friends, in the belief that it would prove of interest as well as benefit to the public. His efforts to renounce opium, the miseries and sufferings he has passed through, and the vitiating power of this subtle drug are all told, with a hope that they may deter others from being drawn into the "maelstrom," as Coleridge so aptly termed it.

FROM D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers, New York:

Brigadier Frederick. A novel. By Erckmann-Chatrian.

This is a story of a Frenchman driven out by the Germans, during the recent war between France and Germany, and gives a very vivid description of those turbulent times, and of the wanderings and sad experiences of the French villagers in the mountains of Alsace. It reads more like a simple record of facts than like a romance, and is written in the graphic and dramatic style so characteristic of the eminent authors.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia:

Tales of the Argonauts; and other sketches. By Bret Harte. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This is a collection of amusing magazine articles by the celebrated Bret Harte, and the reputation of the author alone will be sufficient inducement to make it widely read.

The Masque of Pandora; and other poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Published by James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

This volume contains "The Masque of Pandora," "The Hanging of the Crane," "Morituri Salutamus," "Birds of Passage," and a book of sonnets, fourteen in all; the last one, "The Old Bridge at Florence," in two languages—English and Italian. "The Masque of Pandora" is a dramatic rendering of the old legend of Pandora. "Morituri Salutamus" is full of serious thought and fine expression, written for the last anniversary of the Class of 1825, in Bowdoin College.

The House of the Seven Gables, and *The Scarlet Letter.* By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

These are two initial volumes of a new and uniform edition of the works of this celebrated American author, being published by Osgood & Co., and will be gladly welcomed. They are remarkably elegant and attractive little books in the style in which they have been gotten up, and being inexpensive, and at the same time so tasteful, will be sure to make them exceedingly popular.

Money, and the Mechanism of Exchange. By W. Stanley Jevons, M. A., F. R. S., etc. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is Volume XVII of the International Scientific Series being published by this firm, and is an exhaustive and descriptive essay on the past and present monetary system of the world, the materials employed to make money, the natural laws which governs its circulation, etc. This is a most valuable work, especially at the present time, when important inquiries are being instituted concerning the best modes of constituting the circulating medium.

Nine Little Goslings. By Susan Coolidge, author of "What Katy Did," "The New Year's Bargain," etc. Published by Roberts Bros., Boston.

This is another of Susan Coolidge's very popular books for the young folks, handsomely bound, and full of illustrations. The stories are entirely new, based on Mother Goose's wonderful treasury, viz.: "Curly Locks," "Goosey, Goosey Gander," "Little Bo-Peep," and six others of the old familiar rhymes. The lessons taught by these stories are healthy and sound, and this book should be in the hands of every little girl who can read.

FROM HENRY T. WILLIAMS, Publisher, New York:

Window Gardening. Devoted especially to the culture of flowers and ornamental plants for indoor use and parlor decoration. Edited by Henry T. Williams.

We cannot speak too highly of this very useful book on the most interesting and popular subject of Window Gardening, the taste for which and the plant decoration of apartments is becoming so universal. This volume is specially written as a help and encouragement to all flower-lovers, to assist them with judicious hints and suggestions in their efforts to make home more beautiful by the use of plants around their windows or balconies. Mr. Williams tells all about bulbs for house culture, hanging baskets, wardian cases, ferneries, conservatories, and in fact gives most complete and practical information about plants and flowers for Home Decoration. The price of this volume, which we strongly recommend to every one, is $1.50 by mail, post-paid.

FROM D. LOTHROP & Co., Boston:

Wide Awake for November, 1875.

This is the fifth number, and is fairly radiant with a profusion of fine pictures, many of them full-page engravings. It has a large variety of most interesting reading matter, adapted to all stages of childhood. The serials are excellent, and eminently healthy in tone.

MEMORIES.

BY FATHER RYAN.

They come as the breeze comes over the foam,
Waking the waves that are sinking to sleep,
The fairest of Memories from far away home,
The dim dreams of faces beyond the dark deep.

They come as the stars come out in the sky,
That shimmer wherever the shadows may sweep;
And their steps are as soft as the sound of a sigh,
And I welcome them all while I wearily weep.

They come as a song comes out of the Past—
A loved mother murmured in days that are dead—
Whose tones, spirit-thrilling, live on to the last,
Where the gloom of the heart wraps its grey o'er the head.

They come like the ghosts from the grass-shrouded graves,
And they follow our footsteps on life's winding way;
And they murmur around us as murmur the waves
That sigh on the shore at the dying of day.

They come, sad as tears, to the eyes that are bright,
They come, sweet as smiles, to the lips that are pale,
They come, dim as dreams, in the depths of the night,
They come, fair as flowers, in the lone, lovely vale.

There is not a heart that is not haunted so,
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the Past,
Its memories follow wherever we go,
And the days that were first away the days that are last.

THE LOST DIAMOND.

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER,

Author of "Mystery of the Reef," "The White Girl of the Ridge," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 9, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DYING CHARGE FULFILLED.

When Maud Graff bade her lover good night, she hurried up stairs to the door of her sick mother's chamber to inquire how she felt before retiring to rest.

Her father and the physician were there, and to her alarm she found that the latter had been sent for while she was entertaining Mr. Bland in the parlor.

Her mother's symptoms had suddenly changed for the worse, and the experienced nurse in attendance at once summoned the doctor, who was now bending over the sick woman with a very serious face.

"Don't go love," said her father in a broken voice, "your poor mamma knows you; see, she looks this way and seems to want you near her."

Poor Maud saw with an icy chill of fear and sorrow that a terrible change had occurred in her mother's pallid face since she saw it last, and that while she and George had been talking hopefully of her recovery, she had been rapidly sinking, and was now near her end!

All the vanity of wealth and self assertion that had spoilt Mrs. Graff's character in her days of prosperity, seemed to have been overcome by suffering, and her proud spirit was humble and meek at the approach of death.

This great and beneficent alteration in her temper, and feelings had been so delightful to her gentle daughter, that in rejoicing over it, she in a measure overlooked the bodily change that accompanied it.

Her mother had never before been so lovable or tender, so grateful for attention, or desirous for avoiding trouble to others, and her sick room became to Maud the pleasantest part of the house, except when George Bland appeared in the parlor, and she could tell him how kind and patient her mamma was, and hear him speak assuringly of her recovery.

But now that she looked on the death-white face, and heard the labored breathing of the sick woman, the poor girl realized with an overwhelming pang of sorrow, that she had only learned to know her parent in her purified and ennobled nature, before losing her forever in this world, and that Heaven had permitted its dread messenger death to prepare her for a better life beyond this one.

Mrs. Graff's eyes were fixed on her daughter's face, and her lips moved feebly as if addressing her. Maud conquering her own weakness went instantly to her bed side, and knelt so as to bring herself close enough to hear its faintest sounds issuing from those pale lips.

"I did not think it would be so sudden, dear," murmured the dying woman, "or I should have talked to you about it before, for I knew it was coming, I knew from the first that this was to be my last illness."

Maud tried to utter a word of hope; but it died on her lips unspoken, and her streaming eyes could only rest lovingly, yearningly, on her mother's face.

It was too late for much talking, Mrs. Graff's voice was broken, and at times inarticulate, she wanted to say a great deal; but only a few faltering words were audible at intervals.

"I have erred deeply—in overvaluing the dross of wealth, the shadow of a little brief power," she said, "How weak and worthless it all seems now, as I lie here on the verge of life. You remember that poor half clad girl that came here begging and praying for help that bitter winter night?"

She stopped and waited for a reply with her glassy, wistful eyes bent on her child.

"Yes—no—Oh, yes; mamma, I do remember now, a girl; but very thin and wretched looking."

"I was cruel to her, I have been ashamed of it since, and meant to make amends. I asked Berrill about her—the name is Eldrige, Norah Eldrige—do it for me—I have not time now. A merciful dead is richer now than all the treasures of earth, never lose the opportunity of doing all you can."

Even in the sorrow and agitation of that moment, the poor girl could not help wondering that she had never before recognized in her fellow music student, the unhappy beggar girl of that cold winter's night.

As soon as her mother faltered the name, the likeness was complete in her mind, and the identity flashed on her in an instant, but she could only spare the subject a moment's thought; grief for her own pending loss soon claimed every idea of her stricken soul, and in another hour she felt all the bitterness of a first sorrow.

Maud Graff was motherless.

They had drawn her away from the death chamber, and led her to her own room.

Her father after the first outburst of their mutual grief had appeared sad and quiet, and yielding to the doctor and nurse's pursuasions had lain down in his library on the sofa.

She could not rest; her room seemed empty and desolate, and she stole down to the parlor where but a few hours before she had stood full of hope and happiness beside her lover.

Night seemed turned into day by the solemn event; the servants were up moving round the house, and presently came a ring at the hall door, a hesitating and timid ring that she heard as she paced up and down the dark and empty parlor, weeping and sobbing to ease her wounded heart.

It was sometime before the unusual summons was answered; it had been repeated, and remembering the early hour, she even stopped in her melancholy walk to wonder who it could be, when she heard the door open and George's voice speaking her name.

Thinking he must have learned their sorrow, without stopping to conceive by what means it could possibly have reached his ears, she was hurrying to the door, when she heard his exclamation of surprise.

He spoke in a shocked voice, and expressed the deepest sympathy and regret.

"It was of the greatest importance that I should see her, or I should never have dared to come here at this hour," he said, "but under these sad circumstances, I dare not now intrude."

"George, I am here."

Maud appeared white and tearful under the hall lamp, coming out of the darkness of the great drawing room. She made a slight gesture to the servant who retired, and as her lover came forward with outstretched arms, and all the fond pity that truest love could express in his beaming eyes, she fell upon his breast with a convulsive sob.

"My dear mother is an angel, George," she cried, "her last words were beautiful with love and tenderest charity. Just think, she spoke of poor Norah Eldrige, and said I must take care of her if I could find her."

"Then," said George Bland solemnly, "there was something beside necessity driving me in spite of all the rules of propriety and reason to rouse you at this hour of the night, and implore your help in behalf of poor Norah. A moment ago, finding you stricken by sudden sorrow, I paused irresolute what to do; but now the way is clear and duty to your dead mother will aid you to conquer your grief sufficiently to fulfil her wishes. Poor Norah Eldrige wrapped in my overcoat, is lying in the doorway. Through the help of a trusty friend, I contrived to free her from the clutches of a set of wretches bent on accomplishing her ruin; but she is totally powerless and broken by her imprisonment and suffering. I have been long on the way, for I had to carry her from below the foundry to the door. Will you receive her, Maud? I have no place else where I can claim her a shelter."

"Bring her in! Oh, bring her in," exclaimed Maud eagerly, "it will be obeying my dear mother's voice at once. Oh, how thankful I am, that I can do it, I can know no dearer comfort now."

George stepped back and raised a wrapt up and apparently lifeless figure from the shadow of the doorway, where he had placed it to be out of the servants sight.

Maud darted a pitying and half-frightened glance at the limp arms and drooping head, and then looked up the hall and stairway.

"Could you carry her up that flight, George?" she whispered. "My room is the first door, and we might escape the curiosity of the servants and get her there quietly. There is no one in sight now."

George nodded, and followed her up as noiselessly as he could with his burden in his arms.

Placing it softly on the snowy bed, and drawing away the coat that had partly concealed it, Norah's form and face were revealed in the gaslight, and looked so very worn and wan, that Maud, with her dead mother's looks still in her mind, started back in alarm.

"Is she living, George? She looks so strangely, and her half-opened eyes frighten me."

"She is living, dearest, and her ghastliness is mostly the result of the stupefying medicines they gave her; but, poor girl, she has suffered terribly, and whether she conquers the effects of it at all, will be owing somewhat to her youth, but mostly to your care and kindness, my darling Maud."

"I loved her on her own account," said Maud, tenderly taking one of the cold, damp hands in hers, "but when mamma gave her to me as a charge, what was a pleasure becomes a sacred duty, and instead of grieving my heart out idly, I am going to devote myself to Norah's cure."

George Bland looked at the fair girl with fond admiration.

"Surely I need be a coward no longer; I may trust myself fearlessly to the noble strength and justice of a heart like this," he thought.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FOUND AGAIN.

Miss St. Croix sat in the bay window of her library looking out idly from over the book she held, down upon the street below.

It was scarcely an attractive scene for those proud cold eyes to rest upon. A range of gardens terminating in iron gates bounded it on either side, and only one human figure appeared in sight.

This chanced to be a beggar girl, carrying a large basket, and lolling against the bars of the yard gate, gazing intently through upon the plots and flower-beds and the high trellis covered with glacina vine already in blossom.

Miss St. Croix was restless and unhappy. Barbara, who sat at a little distance from her at work on a lace-frame from which she glanced up covertly from time to time, saw that there was a heavier cloud than usual brooding over her mistress' mind.

"Where did Alfred go, Barbara?"

She asked the question abruptly, and as though she meant it to startle her maid into a true, unstudied answer.

She had asked it twice before in another form, without gaining what she deemed a satisfactory reply.

"Dr. Falconer left early this morning, Miss Evelyn, after placing that little note which I delivered to you in my hands."

"Pshaw! you've told me that before. I did not want you to repeat it," said the lady, impatiently. "I mean *where* has he gone? You know, Barbara, if you chose to tell me."

"I do not know, Miss Evelyn."

"You guess, at least."

Barbara did not respond to this, but seemed to study the pattern of the lace-work very closely, with her head bent low over the frame.

"It is that girl, is it not?"

Miss St. Croix jerked this inquiry out angrily, and with a dark frown on her averted face.

There was a moment's silence. Barbara's head was lower than ever, and the hand that held the needle trembled as she pretended to count the stitches on the net she wrought.

"Can you not speak!" demanded her mistress, passionately. "Cannot you tell me at once that my nephew—the only one of my kindred who has not betrayed me—has leagued himself with that thieving street girl that I was idiot enough to believe in, until I found her playing the spy upon me like a basely curious beggar as she was, without a true sentiment of honor or gratitude!"

"If Mr. Alfred knows where Norah Eldrige is, he has gained the knowledge since he left this house," returned Barbara, in a low, steady voice. "How can he be in league with one he has had no communication with?"

"I am foolish to question you," muttered the lady, impatiently, as she flung aside her book, and resting her head wearily on her hand, gazed down the garden path at the still lounging figure at the gate. "You take sides with those who annoy and pain me, and in your heart arraign me as cruel and unjust because I resent the betrayal of my trust—the insults heaped upon my faith."

Barbara looked up quietly, and her steadfast eyes met the feverishly bright and restless orbs of her mistress.

"You drive me to tell you the truth, Miss Evelyn," she said, "and I utter it in all respect and kindness. In my mind you never gave poor Norah Eldrige either trust or faith. She did a courageous, generous act that woke your admiration, her desperate need won your pity, and her thankful devotion pleased your yearning for interest and excitement. These were all evanescent feelings. Your deeply rooted doubt and impatience of all human nature are the strong and lasting ones, and Norah was sure to be sacrificed to them sooner or later—as must every one who for a moment sails smoothly on your fancy, only to be wrecked by the rock of your caprice."

"You are a bold speaker, Barbara," said the lady, regarding her with a gloomy frown.

"I am your humble servant, Miss Evelyn, and you can silence me with a glance," returned Barbara, respectfully.

"Your speech is your own, your conclusions also, but they are not necessarily correct."

"No, Miss Evelyn, that I willingly confess; but when I see you unjust to yourself it makes me brave even against your anger, and gives me power to tell you that you do not know your own heart, nor the shadow you cherish there to the exclusion of the healthy realities of love or friendship."

"Hold!" cried Miss St. Croix, with a colorless face and upraised hands, "even you can go too far, Barbara, and you have nearly done so. Let my heart rest, it is a dead thing, and like all other dead things should be buried from sight. Was not the girl a thief?"

"I do not believe she was."

"Where is my diamond?"

"I cannot tell, I am forced to suspend my judgment, it is all a mystery."

"And mystery in my life has meant crime, deceit, betrayal! There, there, let it go, it is only another stab in the old wound, but it rankles, it rankles!"

Barbara's eyes filled with tears, which she turned away to hide. She loved Miss Evelyn dearly, and this scene was inexpressibly painful to her; but her sense of justice was equal to her affections, and though she could not logically defend Norah, she believed her to be the wronged rather than the wronger, and longed with all her heart for the power to set her right before her mistress.

She knew more of Miss St. Croix than any other living creature; she had learned the dark secret that hung like a cloud above her better nature, and perverted its best instincts through the bitter influence of its potent spell.

She knew that the restless craving of Miss Evelyn's heart demanded an object to rest upon, while the subtle poison of suspicion and distrust denied her the power of constancy, and snatched from its pedestal and hurled to the dust every new thing round which her affections began instinctively to twine themselves.

"Will her nephew fall next?" she asked herself, as she followed the wandering eyes that glanced vaguely here and there, betraying her heart's unrest. "Will she permit that baleful idol she still cherishes to taint every spring of natural love that saves her life from arid desolation?"

While this question troubled her mind, the waiting-woman's fingers were plying their needle busily, and her absent-looking eyes were bent above her work.

Suddenly she was roused from her reverie by the sound of the window being thrown up, and to her surprise she heard Miss St. Croix, as she leant from it, call out to the beggar at the gate:

"Come up here, I want to speak to you."

"Another whim," thought Barbara, with a sigh. "Ah, well, it may take her thoughts off the last, and there can be nothing more than a momentary curiosity or amusement to her in this miserable little beggar."

A very short time passed between the invitation and the appearance of the odd-looking guest. A tap at the library-door and permission to enter was instantly followed by the figure of Moll Patchell, in all her rags and tatters, but without the basket which she had wisely left at the garden door.

Miss St. Croix turned round in her chair as the nondescript creature appeared, and contemplated her closely for a time.

"Why did you stand looking up here so long?" she asked, watching the cunning face of the little beggar with an odd sort of interest.

"'Cause I was wondering what kind of a place it was, and how quality like you live and pass the time," responded Moll, frankly.

As she spoke she stared all around her as if taking in the contents of the library, from the dark velvet and gold cornices to the rich crimson carpet in whose soft pile her broken dusty shoes sank luxuriously.

"Do you think you should like to be rich, child? Do you believe wealthy people are happy?"

Moll considered a moment, edging near enough to an ebony escritoire to rub her hand over its open desk lined with velvet.

"It must be nice to be rich," she replied, thoughtfully, "but I ain't fool enough to think everybody enjoys it. You don't look as if you did altogether."

"Why do you say so?" asked the lady, quickly.

"'Cause your eyes seem sort of sad and uneasy, and you look as if you wanted something you could never hope to find."

Miss St. Croix moved uncomfortably, and passed her hand across her face with a nervous motion.

"And you, do you not suffer from cold, hunger and discomfort?" she inquired.

"Sometimes, but I forget it as soon as it's over," returned Moll; "and I have lots of fun wandering round looking into people's houses, and wondering all about them. I never had anybody to play with, 'cause I'm a beggar you know, and street girls won't take up with me. So I kind of play with my own thoughts, and talk to 'em just as if they was some one else. I'm always poking round and seeing lots of queer things, so I've lots to think of, you know."

"You're a queer child."

Moll had been touching the desk as if in admiration of its polished surface all the time she was speaking, she now moved towards the door.

"I must go," she said, "or I'll get a thumping, and I don't like that."

"Come here!" Miss St. Croix beckoned to her with her hand, and when she approached her rather reluctantly said, "If I were to give you some money would you buy some decent clothes, my girl."

"No," replied Moll decidedly, "I couldn't do that; it would spoil my trade, I'm a beggar, and I've got to go in rags. If you gave me anything, I would buy a picture to stick up in my garret for my black cat and me to look at, I like pictures best of anything in the world."

"So do I," said Miss St. Croix in a surprised tone, "we have one taste in common, you and I, it seems. See; here is money, buy what you will with it; but let me know what it is. Will you come again and tell me?"

"Yes," answered Moll, slightly hesitating as she took the offered money and thanked the giver. "Yes, I'll come again; but I must go now. Good bye."

Miss St. Croix nodded and kept her eyes fixed on her till she had closed the door behind her, and her shuffling step was heard descending the stairs.

"An odd creature," murmured she as if communing with her own thoughts, rather than addressing her companion, "and if she were clad like others of her age, and that shaggy head of hers were smoothed, she would not be ill looking. She has a wonderfully keen and watchful eye."

Barbara was silent and waited as if listening until she heard the gate close outside, and was sure that the strange visitor had left the premises.

Then she said gravely:

"Will you please look in the secret drawer of the escritoire, Miss Evelyn? I was sitting here watching, and I saw that girl put something in it."

Miss St. Croix started suspiciously.

"More likely took something from it," she exclaimed rising and going towards it quickly.

The next instant she gave a cry of astonishment, and held up something glittering in the light.

"The diamond aigrette, Barbara! the lost diamond, how on earth could it have come here?"

"The beggar placed it there."

"Impossible, it could not be."

"I saw her do it," said Barbara.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NORAH FINDS A CLUE.

Spring had deepened into summer, and the ripe days of autumn were at hand, when Maud Graff and her friend Norah sat together one afternoon in the shadow of the fine old elms at Belgrave Park.

They had been out walking and returning homeward, had crossed the park and stopped to rest and watch the lights and shadows flitting over the close cut grass, and see the children at play along the gravelled path.

Both girls were changed by the few months that had flown since George Bland rescued Norah from the clutches of her enemies in the Slums.

Maud's gentle beauty had gained a shade of thoughtful sadness that harmonized with the mourning dress, and well became her delicate loveliness; while in Norah's face the flight of time was marked by a swift maturity of thought and feeling, transforming the girlish sweetness of a few months before, into a tender and beautiful womanliness of expression.

Yes, young as she was, she had suddenly become a woman, with a woman's heart to suffer, and endurance to hide the pangs she felt.

A fever had followed her lethargy on the night of her strange introduction beneath the roof of her young protectress, and Mrs. Graff had been buried nearly a fortnight before the object of her repentant benevolence knew from Maud of her mother's dying charge concerning her, and the affectionate girl's resolve to look upon her henceforth in the light of a sister.

Norah was very weak and shadowy looking after her long illness, when Maud told her this, and added all she knew about the Eldrige family's disappearance.

George and she had consulted together on the subject, and decided that the invalid girl should be no longer kept in ignorance of the fact, for her thoughts seemed to run on the house in Elm street, and even in delirum, her mother and sister's names were constantly on her lips.

She received the information with less excitement than they had feared.

"The same cruel persecution that has followed me, has driven them from home," she said, "but something tells me they are safe, even though I do not know where they have wandered to."

"We will try to find them," said Maud hopefully.

"You are too good, too generous to me," responded Norah with intense feeling. "I owe you now more than I shall ever be able to repay, and I feel that the kind Providence that has made you my friend, will yet save my mother and sister from the evil influence that followed me, and unite us happily once more. But I must not be idle, Heaven helps those who work, and I must try to find Rhoda and my mother, even if I have to wander all over the world in the quest."

"You must first get strong and well again," said Maud encouragingly, "and George and I will help you in your search."

That night Norah's fever returned, and she again became delirious. She had borne the tidings of her mother and sister's disappearance calmly; but the shock of knowing they were gone, Heaven knew where, reacted upon her weak frame, and she was again tossing and moaning in fever.

Maud had constituted herself her sole nurse and attendant, and awakened by the sick girl's moans, she threw her dressing gown around her and crossing the pretty boudoir that separated their chambers, was soon at her bedside.

"They've gone, they've gone," wailed the sick girl shuddering, "everything I love leaves me, and Maud will soon go too."

"No, no, dear Norah," exclaimed her affectionate watcher, pressing her hands tenderly "I am here at your side never to leave you."

"But Alfred is gone, and I can trust to the constancy of no earthly creature since he forsook me," said Norah in a low and troubled tone.

Often before had Maud heard her in her feverish ravings, mutter this name fondly or imploringly; but now the despairing sadness of her voice carried a peculiar meaning with it, and she whose love was so blest and happy, could yet pity the young creature at her side, whose heart it seemed had been won only to be forsaken.

She listened sorrowfully as she watched and tended the suffering girl, and learned from her broken murmurs that Alfred Falconer was the idol of her heart, and that his leaving her without a farewell sign or word, had been as deep a sorrow as any that had darkened her young life.

Thus Maud Graff had become the confidant of Norah's secret, all unknown to Norah herself, who was now sitting under the trees in Belgrave Park, and thinking of the futile efforts that had been made to discover her mother and Rhoda's dwelling place, and wondering if it could have been otherwise, if Alfred had been true to her in spite of the wide difference between them in family and fortune, she heaved a deep sigh, and began to trace the letters of his beloved name with the point of her parasol in the gravel.

"There, Norah!" exclaimed Maud grasping her companion quickly by the arm, "was not that poor Mollie, the girl we've tried so hard to find?"

She pointed towards the outer railing of the square, along which lounged in her old rags, and bearing her big basket, the veritable Molly herself.

Norah started up excitedly:

"'Tis she," she cried, "let us get to her in some way, I must speak to her and tell her how grateful I am, and how much I want to prove the affection I feel for her."

"She sees us," said Maud. "She is looking at you—she made you a sign; did you not see? and now she has turned down that alley and run away. There must be some reason for her avoiding us so determinedly."

Norah came back and sat down in a disappointed manner.

"It has always been so from the first," she said. "I wish I could know what it means. She has proven herself to be my most devoted friend; but she will never see or speak to me if she can help it, and now I would give anything in the world for a moment's conversation with her, but she makes it impossible."

"George knows the poor child better than we do," said Maud; "and he says that we may rest assured that she has an object in view that would, if we understood it, quite explain her strange conduct to you."

"I know he was good enough to see poor Mollie while I lay sick, and offer her a home and schooling if she would voluntarily give up the miserable way of life she at the present pursues," answered Norah. "But she told him that she had a reason he could not disapprove of if he knew it, and that to carry it out she preferred to be left to her begging."

"'Tell the pretty girl that I like her still, and shan't ever forget her while I live; but she must not speak to me or follow me round, or I'll surely get in trouble.' That was her message to you; don't you remember?" said Maud.

"Yes, I remember," assented Norah, with a stifled sigh; "but I am so impatient, dear Maud. I don't want to appear ungrateful to you or unconscious of the great kindness you have shown me; but how can I be happy when I do not know where to find my mother and sister, when all Mr. Bland's efforts fail to discover the faintest trace of them, and I must remain unvindicated in the eyes of those I would sacrifice anything to convince of my innocence."

"You mean that strange lady, Miss St. Croix, who wronged you so cruelly by a false accusation," said Maud, gazing at her keenly to see if the hankering regret she cherished was not due mainly to the pain she endured in thinking that Mr. Falconer misjudged her.

"She, and others who were deceived like her by unfortunate appearances to believe me guilty," answered Norah, with downcast eyes and a flush of shame coloring her pale cheeks.

At that moment a tall and fashionably dressed man entered the park by the lower gate, and with his eyes bent, and his hands playing absently with a light birch cane he carried, passed full in view.

Maud, whose attention was turned in another direction, was quite unprepared for the sudden demonstration made by her companion at sight of this individual.

As soon as Norah saw him, she became deadly pale and trembled violently; then springing to her feet, she rushed through the narrow path that led behind a myrtle hedge and disappeared, before the astonished Maud could realize her intention or attempt to question her.

Meantime the stranger passed on slowly and apparently much preoccupied by his own thoughts. As he reached the upper gate Norah, who, under cover of the hedge, was following in his track, held back and allowed him to pass out.

Then she crept after, and keeping well in the shelter of the tree boxes ornamenting the street along which they passed, she saw him cross the way, and pausing before a large brown stone mansion, slowly ascend the wide entrance and let himself in by a latch-key.

Waiting, to make sure of his not reappearing immediately, she, too, ran across, and reaching the door plate found it to bear the name of "Maynard."

A glance or two further at the front of the house seemed to satisfy her, for she turned away as swiftly and secretly as she had come, but not to re-enter the park, where Maud was wandering about looking for her in great perplexity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANCHOR WATCH YARNS.

THE FUR TRADER'S PERIL.

THE PILOT'S STORY.

BY LIEUT. R. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.

It was a number of years ago that I fitted out the old brig Harp for a trading cruise on the nor'west coast. We were well stocked with boxes of beads, bales of coarse blankets, dogs' wool and cakum hove together with a belaying pin; cans of gunpowder, cases of firearms and an assortment of old iron gathered from the stock of a big junk store. Thus fitted out we were all ready to barter with the Indians who inhabit the nor'west coast. I rounded the Horn and shaped a course up the Pacific, aiming after a five months' and a half passage on the coast.

We were skirting along the bold and rocky shore one fine mild morning when I saw a single canoe, containing an Indian, paddling away for dear life and motioning for us to heave to. I did so, and, hitching his cockle shell alongside, he slid over the rail. He was the hardest-looking customer I ever put my eyes on—dirty, haggard and his eyes always appeared half shut, as if he was anxious to finish complete a nap. In his broken English, the native offered to pilot us to a good harbor where we could lie in safety, and trade with his friends, who stood in need of our wares. I hesitated some time, eyed the fellow narrowly, but he appeared so sleepy and indolent that I finally concluded to allow him to point out the way.

The Indian, whose name, he said, was Otter, pointed out the trunk of a large tree standing in plain sight above a point of rocks, which, he said, marked the entrance to the little bay, or harbor. I shortened sail, put a good hand in the main channels with a hand lead, and cautiously felt my way along. But the Indian had told the truth, the water was deep, and the old Harp, shooting through the narrow entrance, floated on the calm waters of a small pond, surrounded by rocks and woods. It was the best natural harbor I ever saw, but one fact did not suit me, and that was our stern only swung clear of the shore by about ten rods. However, we were in then, and I said nothing, but took the precaution to load the four little iron carronades that were on either side of the deck.

Scarcely was our anchor down and sails furled, than the stupid, sluggish Otter slid over the side, and without saying a word pushed off in his canoe, and paddling up a small creek that emptied into the basin, disappeared.

Before an hour had elapsed, however, the fellow made his appearance, his canoe loaded down with a fine stock of pelts, and followed by three canoes all full of skins and manned each by a savage. Our stock of goods were immediately opened, and I tell you business was pretty kinder lively on the deck of the old Harp. Before night shut down we had all the skins from the savages, who promised to bring more the next day, and for that day's work I calculated the profits at over four hundred dollars. Pretty good for the first ground hop.

For three days we had our hands full, and the deck was strewed with furs, upon which I reckoned to make a good thing. During the whole time we had been trading I had caused a strict watch to be kept both day and night. But the savages were so quiet and inoffensive, always going directly ashore as soon as their business was done, that my suspicions were lulled, and I grew rather slack and careless. I even allowed Otter, who by his willingness to do a favor had become quite a favorite with all hands, to sleep aboard, together with a friend of his who he called Black Fox.

They messed with the sailors, and it was the height of their delight to munch a junk of salt horse and a pile of hard tack. One night, and it was the last we were to remain in the snug anchorage, I turned out of my berth, dressed, and went on deck. I could not sleep, a strange uneasiness, a something I could not fathom, got a hold of me. Walking to the break of the poop I saw no one on deck but the two Indians, who, strange to say, were not asleep, but wrapped in their long blankets they were standing motionless as statues in the moonlight that lit up our deck.

Stepping down to the gangway, I asked Otter where the watch was, and he said they had gone below; that he and his friend were watching over the Harp, which private bargain between the Indians and the crew did not meet with my approval. I turned on my heel, walked forward a few steps for the purpose of rousing out the watch, when, quick as a flash, the two treacherous scamps pounced upon me, covering my head with a blanket to drown my cries; and, although I fit them hard, it was no use. They were strong as Mooses, and it ended by my being lashed down to a couple of ring bolts and gagged, just abaft the main hatch. With noiseless steps they walked aft, bolted and secured the cabin doors, also the heavy slides leading to the forecastle.

The Indians were in possession of the deck, the crew were as good as prisoners, and in an agony of alarm I watched the silent but swift movements of the cunning savages. Otter no longer appeared sleepy or stupid. His wild black eyes glared into mine with a threatening expression as he occasionally walked by. For what I was reserved was more than I could tell; and filled with apprehension, I waited for the savages to show their plans. I had ample opportunity, as I laid there helpless on the deck, to repent of my foolishness. I had no one to blame but myself for the bad box I was in, but I felt kinder choking like as I thought of my wife and children so far away, who would never know what end I had made. Walking forward, Otter bent over the bows, and facing in the direction of the creek, made a peculiar kind of signal. It sounded like the shrill pipe of some kind of a bird, and it was almost immediately answered from shore. I heard the soft splash of paddles as a dozen canoes shot alongside, and soon full fifty of the Indians were on board, tall, strapping fellows, armed with bows, arrows, tomahawks and knives.

In silence they glided over the side of the Harp, and I gave up all for lost. Every moment I expected to feel a knife entering my body, but strange enough not a savage of them offered to molest me. Finally, Otter cut my bonds, removed the gag from my mouth, and told me that my life would be spared provided I would take the brig to a broad shelving beach close by the entrance to the harbor.

I fathomed the rascal's purpose at a glance. He did not wish to destroy the brig inside the basin where her remains might betray them to some other trader. I placed no faith in the promise, but in hopes of gaining some clue to an escape, consented to move the Harp to her last mooring place.

It lacked but an hour of daylight, and the Indians, confident in their strength, moved carelessly about, even trying to knock pieces of the iron work off with their hatchets. Of course the noise aroused those below, and with a beating heart I heard the mate's voice as he attempted to push open the doors leading from its cabin. He called me by name, and with a few rapid words I replied, stating that the brig was in the hands of the Indians. "Keep up a stiff appearance, capting, and we'll outwit them yet," replied the mate, who was a native of the State of Maine, and a true blue, now I tell you. Pretty soon I heard him again. He told me that all the boys were mustered in the cabin, having crawled from the forecastle which was below, over the cargo in the hold, and broken through the bulkhead into the cabin. They were armed with muskets, but could not hope to contend with fifty desperate savages aboard, and fully as many more ashore, who I now could make out stalking about.

Otter ordered me to the wheel as daylight dawned, and pointing to a strip of sandy beach about a quarter of a mile distant, told me that was the spot where he wanted the Harp put. There was not a breath of air stirring in the harbor, but outside I could see that there was a stiff breeze, but my heart was heavy as lead as I directed Otter to run a warp from the brig to the shore. The fellow understood, but was too cunning to weaken the force on board; a large canoe from shore performed the duty, and the scamp then motioned me to proceed. It was a matter of surprise to me that no attempt had been made to kill the crew, but I suppose they felt sure of us, and could perform the job at their leisure. I conversed freely with the mate, keeping him posted on all that was going on, to which Otter made no objection.

The cable was out, the Indians manned the warp, and the old Harp moved slowly through the water. It was ebb tide, which swept us along quickly, and every moment we drifted nearer to the narrow entrance.

Soon the line had to be shifted further up the beach, and as the canoe returned, paddling close under the stern, a dozen reports burst suddenly upon my startled ear, followed by a chorus of yells and groans. The Indians on deck, alarmed by the crash of the musketry, jumped hastily to the side of the brig to ascertain the cause, and in the general confusion I gave the old brig a sheer, which instead of piling her upon the beach sent her a spinning through the passage and out into the ocean.

Glancing over my shoulder I saw the smoke curling up over the stern, and knew that the mate and his forces had fired through the cabin windows with telling effect upon the savages. The wounded and dying Indians were floundering about in the canoe, and some of them had fallen overboard. A portion of the gang on board jumped into the canoe and shoved off to the assistance of the struggling rascals, and I thought the time had come to strike a blow for ourselves. There were about thirty of the natives left on deck, all yelling and leaping with rage and excitement as they beheld the ship drifting outside the little harbor.

Deserting the wheel I jumped forward intending to burst open the cabin-door, but Otter was too quick for me. With a bound the sharp rascal gained my side, his iron hand grasped my throat, and the long blade of his ugly knife was flourished furiously about my head. This was the signal for the remainder of the Indians to rush upon me, my head spun round, and I surely thought my last hour had come. But the Otter waved them back, uttered a few rapid sentences, then turning to me with a ferocious air and a significant flourish of the knife before my eyes, ordered me to return to the harbor.

I was forced back to the wheel, Otter sticking close to my side, with his knife drawn, and a wicked look on his ugly figurehead that made me shudder. I heard the mate hailing me, but it was more than my life was worth to answer him.

We had now drifted some distance down the coast, which fortunately took a sharp turn to the south'rd, so there was no danger of our getting ashore. I threw a quick glance over my shoulder, and saw that the savages were still busy with their wounded friends, and a ray of hope warmed my heart as I saw a slim chance for escape. I now explained to the Otter that it would be necessary to make sail on the brig in order to "fetch" the desired spot, and the rascal glanced rather dubiously aloft, but saw it would have to be done. He issued the orders to his followers, but took fine care to remain by me, his snake-like eyes fixed upon mine with a hard expression. The Indians got aloft after a fashion and soon had the topsails, jib, and spanker loosed. I saw now why my life had been spared, the Indians could not work the brig, and so long as I kept her outside I felt certain my life would be safe. The topsails were set, sheeted home and yards braced to my satisfaction, the jib run up and spanker hauled out. The old craft heeled over to the fresh breeze, and I grasped the wheel feeling like a new man. The Harp had gathered way none too soon, for the Indians with a dozen canoes were paddling in hot haste after us.

Instead of steering towards the shore, I had headed the brig exactly in the opposite direction, and she was going through the water at the rate of six knots an hour. There was an ugly chop sea on that made the old girl plunge and rear like a billy-goat in stays. I would have given every pelt on board for one minute's conversation with the mate, but the infernal Indian stood ready to sheet home his knife in my body at the least sign of treachery on my part.

The Otter moved uneasily to and fro, glanced at the receding shore, the canoes now a long distance off, looked at the sails, then turned on me with the fury of a madman. Bringing his head down so that his eyes were on a level with mine they fairly shot forth fire, while the point of his knife was pressed directly over my heart.

"Dog," he hissed, "turn ship round, quick turn or me strike."

There was no mistaking the devil that shone from his eyes, his patience was worn out, and I did not trifle with him longer. I put the wheel down, the Indians manned the braces, the Harp came lumbering up to the wind, pitching heavily into the sea. To my astonishment the Indians began to heave and purge regardless of my order to swing the afteryards. The red rascals were seasick, and the Otter began to look pale as he caught hold of the binnacle to steady himself. The Harp fell off, filled again, and I told the masterspirit unless his men did as I told them, I could not reach the harbor.

With a howl of rage he struggled to keep his feet, but his sea-legs had not been broken in. He was crawling towards me with his knife grasped in his hand and I looked around for some weapon, but could not see so much as a toothpick. I shouted aloud to the mate, and leaving the wheel darted towards the mainrigging, closely pursued by the Otter, who had drawn his tomahawk but could not use it owing to the uneasy motion of the brig. I paused with one foot on the sheer-pole, and looking aft saw the mate hauling himself up over the moulding that ran round the stern. He had crawled through the cabin window to find out where the brig was bound, and taking in at a glance the true position of affairs, he drew a pistol from his belt and the Otter fell to the deck shot through the head.

Springing to the cabin-doors, the mate dashed them in with a kick and the men rushed out armed to the teeth. The seasick savages were so busy paying their compliments to old Neptune as to be unable to offer the least resistance, and one after another they were pitched overboard with little ceremony and no compunction of conscience. With a shout of joy we hugged one another, and once more the old girl was under our control. By the earnest desire of the mate I had the brig headed for the shore, and standing close in the canoes came off, the Indians howling and shouting as we bore down upon them; but their howls were soon changed to the other side of their yappers. They expected, I suppose, to find the Otter in command, and their surprise must have been great when the contents of our iron guns whistled around them.

To make my yarn short, we gave the treacherous scoundrels a fearful drubbing, sinking their canoes and leaving the half-naked rascals that were still alive to get back to land the best way they could. On the whole, I thought we had got to windward of them pretty slick, and that night, as we stood off shore, I served out a stiff nip to all hands. It was my last voyage to the coast, but the profit in the end paid for all the risk we run.

AGRICULTURAL.

SCRATCHES in horses may be cured by using a wash twice a day of a teaspoonful of powdered blue vitrol dissolved in half a pint of water. Keep the feet clean.

SHEEP on a farm yield both wool and mutton. They multiply with great rapidity. They are the best of farm scavengers, "cleaning a field" as no other class of animals will. They give back to the farm more in proportion to what they take from it than any other animal, and distribute it better with a view to the future fertility of the soil.

AFTER the fall of the leaf is a good time to notice any irregularities of growth of orchard trees, and this may then be rectified in a short time, always bearing in mind that in the case of large limbs being removed the wound should be covered with some preparation to keep out the weather. Gum-shellac dissolved in alcohol, or even cow-dung bound on the parts exposed, answers the purpose. A handsomely formed tree is not alone valued for its appearance to the eye, but it is in reality more useful, as the crop of fruit is then usually more evenly distributed over the tree.

TO ASCERTAIN if a plant wants fresh potting, turn it carefully out of the pot, with the earth attached to it, and examine the roots. If they are matted about the sides and bottom of the ball, the plant evidently requires fresh potting. Then carefully reduce the ball of earth to about a third of its original bulk; single out the matted roots and trim away all that are moldy and decayed. Probably the same pot may then be large enough, but if it requires a larger one, it should be about two inches broader for a middle-sized plant; three or four for a large plant. If the roots are not matted but the pots are filled with fibers, keep the ball entire and carefully plant it in a larger pot. At the top of a large pot, and a small one, half an inch should be left for the reception of water, without danger of overflow. A little gravel, charcoal, or pieces of broken pots should always be placed at the bottom for drainage.

COVERING STRAWBERRIES. — Often there is much said, and especially at this season of the year, about covering strawberries; and many persons are induced by what they read to act so as to heartily regret it when the spring comes round. We have known people to act on this suggestion, and cover their strawberry-beds with manure, and find the whole completely rotten in spring. And yet a little covering with the right kind of material is not a bad thing. If the plants are entirely unprotected the leaves are browned and often destroyed; while it must have been noted by every observant gardener that the best fruit comes from plants that have managed to keep their leaves bright and green till their spring-flowers appear. And this is why a covering of snow the whole winter is so good for the strawberry crop. As we have remarked, when the leaves are browned the crop is small; but when the snow covers the plants all the winter long, they come out in the spring in the best possible state for fruitfulness. But we cannot always depend on the snow. It does not always come, or continue in a regular way. So if some light material can be put over the plants, that will not smother and rot them, and yet will be just enough to make a shade from the winter sun and a screen from frosty winds, it will be doing a good turn to the strawberry plant. Manure is bad. There is a salt in it, especially when fresh, which is destructive to foliage; but clean straw, or swamp or marsh hay that is free from weeds, answers the purpose very well. But it must not be put on very thick. The idea is, just enough to make a thin screen, and yet not enough to hold moisture long. Shade without damp is the idea. Such light protection is good for the strawberry plant.

—*Germantown Telegraph.*

KER CHEW!

The epizootic is not entirely confined to horses, as the following will show. They had been keeping company a year. He told her, Friday afternoon, that he would be up early Sunday evening, as he had something of great importance to tell her, and a present to give her. With a woman's keen intuition she knew what the something of importance would be, and she looked forward to the hour with sweet expectation. He was there on time, but hardly in the condition he desired. A heavy cold had tackled him the night before, and his eyes were red and inflamed, and his nose was nearly twice its natural size, and shone with a lustre that would have appeared to much better advantage on a door-plate. Singularly enough, the young lady was similarly conditioned. She ushered him into the parlor, and without any preliminary ceremony they were on the sofa together. He took out his handkerchief, and finding a dry section, wiped his nose. This reminded her of a duty she owed herself, and she attended to it at once. He held one of her hands in one of his, and his handkerchief in the other. Then he spoke:

"Susad, I cub do nide do dalk do you of subdig dearer—ah-ah-ooh (a prompt application of the handkerchief cuts off the sneeze in its bud) dearer do me thad my libe—ah-ah—thad id — oo-ooh-ker chew, ker chew, ker chew." A moment's pause. "I'be god an awful code," he explains, with due solemnity.

"Sobe I," she sympathizingly replies.

A moment is devoted to a silent use of the handkerchiefs, and then he continues:

"Darlig, you must hab seed all de tibe how mudge — ooh-ooh-ker — (the handkerchief again saves him) how mudge I hab dhought ob you. Ebry hour ob de day or nide—ah-ah-ooh—ooh-ch-ch-*ker chew*, KER CHEW, KER CHEW!"

"Thid id awful," he protested, walking around the room, for the final explosion had raised him to his feet. She wiped her eyes, and then her nose, and made an honest endeavor to look languishing, but owing to the watery condition of the former and the fiery glow of the latter she appeared to an unhappy advantage. But he did not notice it. He felt of his proboscis tenderly for a moment, and then returned to her side.

"Darlig, I cad no longer lib widoud you. Widoud you libe would indeed be a widderness; wid——"

She impulsively raised her hand.

"Ker-ker-ker *chew*," she shouted.

He paused, and gazed tenderly out of his inflamed eyes upon her convulsed features.

"Darlig," he softly continued, seeing she was through, "you cad neber know how mudge—ah-ooh-ooh-ah-ker chew, ker—wish—sh-sh-er-r-r, ker chew, ker chew—Ooh, my! Oh, dear!" he wailed, impetuously grabbing for his handkerchief, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

She took advantage of the lull to unobtrusively apply her handkerchief.

"Susad," he began again, grasping her hand with fervor, and clutching his handkerchief with equal earnestness, "What id libe widoud lub? Noddig. Darlig, do yoo, cad goo lub me enough to be my—ah-ah-ooh-ker-chew. Heaviga, thid id awful."

He mopped the perspiration from his troubled countenance, and then waited until she reappeared from behind her handkerchief, when he resumed.

"I ask aged, darlig, cad yoo lub me enough to be my wibe?"

The young girl dropped her head upon his breast, put her arm around his neck, and was just about to speak the glad answer, when a sudden spasm shook her frame, and she went off into a series of sneezes which fairly endangered the safety of her fair neck. "Oh, my lub, Oh, my brecbious," he sympathizingly exclaimed. "Sbeak, Oh sbeakd—abooh-ooh-ker-chew, ker-chew, ker-chew," he roared.

She fell into his arms again, perfectly exhausted.

"You'll be mide, all mide," he gasped.

"I will, Hedry, I will," she hoarsely whispered.

He drew her to him with all his strength, slipped the ring upon her trembling finger; and there they stood together—their reddened and half-closed eyes blinking in sweet, holy ecstacy upon each other, while their exhausted nostrils shone with a dim refulgence.

"My boor darlig has god sudge a bad code," he sympathizingly murmured.

"So id my Hedry," she softly whispered back.

"I dode gare for myseld. I——" he suddenly put her away, recovered his handkerchief, and instantly went off in a paroxysm of sneezes.

"Oh," he sighed, as he regained a perpendicular again, and mopped off his face, which was now almost purple in hue.

"You must take sub medicid for that code to-nide," she said.

"Both ob us," he added.

"Yes, a'd you'll zoak your feed in hod wader."

"I will; a'd you'll zoak yours?" he eagerly asked.

"I will," she solemnly replied.

"Hovig bless you, my darlig, my brecious darlig," he murmured, clasping her again tightly to his breast. And then he stole out into the darkness; and she lingered a moment at the door, and heard his dear voice ring out on the night air as he passed away:

"Ker chew, *ker chew*, KER C-H-E-W."

LOST THINGS. — There are a great many things lost that are found again, and a great many others that are lost and never found. There are reputations lost, which cannot be regained; there are hopes lost, which come not back again; there are joys and friendships lost; there are thoughts and talents lost, which are never found. Every man has at sometime lost something, which he would give the world, if it were his, to recover. It may have been but a single pearl from the thread of friendship, or a mere hope of his soul, but it was preciously dear to him, and life is sad and dark without it. The smallest things are oftentimes the dearest to the heart of man, as for instance, a little wife, a little heir, a little fortune, a little home. What wonder, then, that, when they are lost, he would give everything he had for their recovery!

IN reality there is perhaps not one of our natural passions so hard to subdue as pride; disguise it, struggle with it, as much as one pleases, it is still alive, and will every now and then peep out and show itself.

RECEIPTS.

KEROSENE and powdered lime, whiting, or wood ashes will scour tin with the least labor.

UNSLACKED lime is excellent for cleaning small steel articles such as jewelry, buckles, and the like.

SOAPSTONE hearths are first washed in pure water, and then rubbed with powdered marble or soapstone, put on with a piece of the same stone.

SPOTS can be taken out of marble with finely powdered pumice-stone mixed with verjuice. Cover the spot and allow the stuff to remain for twelve hours, then rub clean, dry, and rinse.

Two ounces of common tobacco boiled in a gallon of water is used by the dealers for renovating old clothes. The stuff is rubbed on with a brush. The goods are nicely cleaned, and, strange to add, no tobacco smell remains.

TUBS and pails saturated with glycerine will not shrink and dry up, the hoops will not fall off, and there will be no necessity for keeping these articles soaked. Butter tubs keep fresh and sweet, and can be used a second time.

BEE STINGS.—Any absorbent will give relief. But perhaps nothing is more effectual than lean raw meat. The sting of a bee or wasp may be almost instantly relieved by it. It is said to cure the bite of a rattlesnake, and to relieve erysipelas.

TO REMOVE STAINS.—When table linen, etc., has become stained with fruit, tea, coffee, etc., all traces of the stains may be removed by pouring clear boiling water on the parts, and allowing it to stand a few moments, then rub the spots thoroughly in warm water without soap, before putting in the wash.

DRUNKENNESS.—A popular Encyclopedia states that the most effectual means of dispelling as quickly as possible the effects of a fit of intoxication, is to take twenty drops of sal volatile, and fifteen grains of volatile salts in a wine glass of water, repeating the dose in half an hour. But an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of salts.

GREASE may be removed from cloth, wool and furs, by means of a little soft soap and ox gall dissolved in warm water. The spots of grease or dirt must be first touched with the liquid all over, and then well rubbed with a stiff brush until they are removed; after which they may be well rubbed all over with a sponge dipped in some water to which the previous mixture and a little more ox gall have been added.

WE trust the time will come when everyone will use Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia). Its sale is daily increasing, as is always the case with articles of merit. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Company is one of the greatest works of its character in the world. This has been said and demonstrated so often that it is now an accepted truth, yet few persons have ever looked at it in detail at a given point. At even so unimportant a place, geographically considered, as Newark, N. J., the car movements of the company are wonderful. The Daily, of that city, says, during every twenty-four hours, Sundays excepted, there are dispatched over the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, both eastward and westward bound, from that place, no fewer than one hundred and sixty-three regular trains, besides a number of extra freight trains, so that there are frequently as many as two hundred trains per diem, or one train every seven minutes, night and day.——Teachers in Tennessee are hereafter to be paid salaries without distinction of sex.——Recent U. S. Surveys, show that the area of California is 156,720 square miles.——The mercantile navies of the world comprise 61,429 vessels, and a total tonnage of 18,514,000. Of these, Great Britain has 3,061 steamers, and 20,832 sailing vessels; the United States coming next, with 403 steamers, and 6,786 sailing vessels.——In the population of the world, China stands first, with about 425,213,000; the British Empire second, with 199,817,000; and Russia third, with 82,172,000. The United States stands fifth, with 38,555,000 in 1870.——The string of diamonds which the Khedive of Egypt presented to General Sherman's daughter are still in the custom house at New York.——Flora Temple, still in fine health, in her thirty-first year, will, with Goldsmith Maid, be exhibited at the Centennial next year. The former trotted 2.24¼ in 1856, this being then the best time on record, and in 1858 trotted at Kalamazoo in 2.19¾, the first time 2.20 had been beaten.——France has 123,000 industrial establishments, giving work to about 1,800,000 men.——The present population of the United States is estimated at over 45,000,000, with 54,000,000 in 1880.——The cost of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn has so far been $5,740,071.73.——The Lake Superior mines, since 1856, have yielded nearly 7,000,000 tons of iron.

"Who Will Suffer?"

IT IS NOW 27 YEARS SINCE DR. TOBIAS' Venetian Liniment was put before the public; warranting it to cure Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Old Sores, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest; and it never has failed. Sold by Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York.

Perpetual Beauty.

Every lady has been wanting for years a toilet preparation in which she could place confidence and use without fear of injuring health. The recent analysis made by the Metropolitan Board of Health has proven that Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is entirely free from anything detrimental to health or injurious to the skin. It can be used without showing the slightest traces of its use. Will leave the skin soft, smooth and delicately beautiful. Sold at druggists and fancy goods stores.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN DRAWS A MAN to her side as a loadstone draws iron to it. The use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER,

creates such unsurpassed beauty to the woman using it, that men are drawn irresistibly to her side. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S only depot, No. 48 Bond Street, New York, and druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821 FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D. 1821

Saturday Evening, Nov. 20, 1875.

NEXT WEEK.

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

We take pleasure in announcing that NEXT WEEK, we shall commence

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY,

A story full of interest and power, and which, without containing any sensational element, is one of those deeply absorbing Romances which grow upon the reader.

We would here draw the attention of our readers to the SPLENDID NEW STORIES which have been published in the POST within the past few weeks.

In No. 9. THE LOST DIAMOND. By Margaret H. Hosmer.

This story is charmingly written, the characters are boldly and naturally drawn; and the plot remarkably ingenious and mysterious. It is being eagerly perused by thousands, and we consider it the best of Mrs. Hosmer's works.

In No. 13. THE PRAIRIE PRINCE; OR, THE BOY OUTLAW. By Buffalo Bill.

This brilliant and far famed writer of Border Romances has in this serial fully sustained his reputation. The hero of the story cannot but excite the admiration and sympathy of every reader. Foully wronged, he pursues his enemy, forever sleepless on the "Trail of Death." Of course, the "Prairie Prince," like other and more humble heroes, falls in love, and this complicates his scheme of vengeance. But we have said enough, we hope, to excite the curiosity of any who may not have already begun this Romance.

In No. 14. THE SPECTRAL CONDOR. By Capt. Mayne Reid.

The world-wide reputation of the author will be sufficient guarantee, we are confident, of the excellence of this, his latest work, on which he is still engaged. It is a most stirring and deeply exciting story of Life in California in 1849, about the time when the gold fever was at its height. Many of the characters and scenes will be familiar to readers of Sherman's Memoirs and Bret Harte's Argonauts of 1849, and the incidents are laid both on Sea and Land.

In No. 16. THE BOY WRECKER. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.

This story will prove particularly entertaining to our younger readers, illustrating as it does the eventful career of a heroic and adventurous youth; but it can be read by old and young with profit as well as with pleasure.

This week, as above announced, we commence another New Story:

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY.

We shall continue to publish in rapid succession, other new and attractive serials by the best writers, who have already proved popular with our readers.

At least Three Continued Stories will be published constantly, and a New Story will be commenced about every third week, so that new readers may be able to get the beginning of a New Story, no matter at what time they may subscribe.

The POST will spare no effort to approve itself THE FAMILY PAPER, *par excellence*, so that it may be welcomed to every home circle, with the certainty that its pages will never contain anything that the purest imagination might not entertain.

INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

This must, for the great majority of mankind, be commenced early in life, and its foundations must therefore be laid in a good preliminary education. How few young men there are, who, after they have passed their twentieth year, devote themselves to intellectual improvement, if before this time it should happen to have been neglected! Habits are very good or very fearful things. The seed that has been sown in the mind will blossom in it, and if it has been bad, it will by and by most certainly choke every other thing of wholesome growth. We know that there are men who have learned various novelties at an advanced age, but these are they to whom intellectual exertion is a habit and delight, and who are only turning their energies into new channels.

The older a man becomes, the more difficult it is for him to be studious. A man rarely makes up either in after life for the loss sustained by a false start in the beginning. Every year and every day has its own work, and he who is toiling at the duties of the past instead of those of the present, is paying off an old debt at the sacrifice of future good. He is a very bad economist who mortgages future industry in order that he may enjoy present leisure. He is playing a losing game with life—the odds are heavily against him, and he has no right to hope for success.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY HERBERT WYNNE.

Leaves that so lightly fall
From boughs that, shudd'ring at the Northern blast,
Droop sadly to the earth, which at the last
Will surely claim you all.

A little longer cling,
And arch the wood-paths with arcades of gold—
Long will it be before green buds unfold
Beneath the touch of Spring.

From Autumn's wreath were shed
The last bright flow'rs, fairer than all before—
Or seeming so, because we prized them more—
But they, alas, are dead!

Amidst your pleasant shade,
Beautiful leaves, the wild birds loudly sang—
All day their voices through the forest rang,
Till you began to fade.

The Earth has been bereft
Of those sweet gifts which made her seem so fair:
And now your dying scent is in the air,
Ye who alone were left.

Faint is your breath, yet sweet,
Leaves, rosy-tinted like a sunset-cloud,
That, brown, unblossomed flow'r-stems to enshroud,
Drop, flutt'ring, to our feet.

Long have the golden sheaves
Been safely garnered from the wintry storm;
But still the sighing wind your change will mourn,
Beautiful dying leaves!

Sink gently down to rest,
Ye, the first garment that the Spring-time cast
Over the earth, doomed now to be her last,
Clust'ring upon her breast.

Deep in each shadowy dell
And woodland path where careless feet will tread,
Soon will you lie upon Earth's barren bed,
Leaves, tender leaves, farewell!

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. B. CARLISLE.

Less than half the world move in the wider avenues of life. Few people find it out until real earnestness in the search for the facts of life, takes possession of them, and they are surprised that they had not sought in these by-roads, before. Each day adds to the increasing truth of result, but after all it consists simply of altering in the mind, the proportion of the elements which constitute the character of the other sphere. It is a singularly curious moral principle, perpetually at work among the majority of men, which makes them spectators of the world rather than observers of it. Faces for instance. To an habitually observant person, and habitually closely observant, the face which would commonly be termed, a marked face, is not more marked than a thousand others. Possibly to his eye there is some feature very prominent, and it does help to individualize that countenance; but to such an one, in other less-noticed faces there is something equally noticeable. To get back, How true it is that we often find talent of the highest, brightest order, hidden away in the merest bridle-paths of life. Men and women of unquestioned genius with a modesty free from bashfulness, yet leading them to that low self-valuation, which doubts their acquirements, and to toil on in a guideless country in the quiet of secret study, never venturing on the highway of discussion, always sitting in the shadow, taciturn sojourners, literary sensitive plants, leaving an undisputed field to fledglings eager to assume the deliberate air of the *sacan* in art or literature, men and women never satisfied, that a day should pass, without turning their eyes inwards to find that there was nothing in them. "If I could only write like that," I, often, hear a young lady friend say, and the truth is, she is by far the better writer of the two.

Only a small tin sign, reading "Paul Storms," "Artist," hanging at the foot of a long narrow stairway a little removed from one of Philadelphia's great thoroughfares. At the top a small neatly arranged studio with a pale, care-worn overworked artist, to greet me cordially, and with a manner free from egotism, lay his sketches and studies in the best light he had. His manner and tone convinced me that he was working against great odds, overpowered by a commercial spirit, one of a minority, sadly neglected. Here he was, doing orders for other artists whose privileges of wealth and social distinction, dared harvest, wealth, fame, and indolence of this man's labor.

And what talent it was, seeing the light over other names than his own. His art is fresh and tender, and clear like the April among the New England hills. Something of Andrea de Sarto in it, and to praise him or his work would need a sweeter, purer pen than mine. A bright buoyant genius in him, and pictures that told of a large delight in his handiwork, add to this a charm of touch, a fine sweetness of execution, and you will be prepared for what I found hidden in this miserable attic. His sketches of landscapes are superb, while his studies of children are lovely and many.

There is such a wonderful and beautiful make of limb and feature; loving lines and warm curves in the little forms so tenderly and carefully made that you guess his love of children. Here, too, I found copies of Titian's celebrated pen and ink sketches. Let me tell you of a few.

In one you have in full outline the likeness of a high hill rising above a fort, before and beyond it a wild length of broken land expands and undulates, clothed with all manner of trees in full beauty of bloom and leaf, haunted by flying and settling birds.

Close by a sudden sunny bank in a dim depth of a wooded hill with a wolf at watch, and a rabbit at wait.

Another, a bay deeply wooded to the verge of the soft sea with low rocks far off under the wash of the tender water.

But, by far the best, is a design traversed by a river which curves rapidly and roughly round the sudden steep of a broken bank, fringed with foliage of untrimmed and windy growth; in front where the wide water elbows its way round an abrupt corner of grassy land, is a little child embracing a lamb with fat strenuous arms and intent face.

The maxim that he or she who is moderate in his wishes, from choice, and is not resigned from sourness, distaste, or misfortune, doubles all the pleasures of life, may sound nice; but it cheapens talent wonderfully.

The world is the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and nothing we want so much as the genuine artist, whether in art or literature, who can, with a marvellous knack, put on paper or canvas with fidelity and felicity the true of life. The merely professional Bohemian may be brilliant in mere word-stringing, running along the diapason of human expression, with a dash and *aplomb* of style that fascinates; but there is in it no grip on reality, none of the brawny gigantic power of feeling, like that bursting spontaneously from strong native talent ripened in the fierce contests of life's rougher side, fit nurses for an intellectual child.

MARK OAKLEY'S MISTAKE.

BY OLIVE BELL.

"Mark!"

The clear, sharp voice of the speaker, rather suddenly broke up handsome Mark Oakley's reverie, and he gave an impatient start as he turned and scowled at the tall, prim lady who stood in the walnut-framed doorway like some staid Quaker in her modest gray robes.

"What do you want now, Hester?"

"I want you," placidly replied Hester, who was an old maid, and the torment and terror of her handsome young brother's life.

"Me? I wish you would not bother me, Hester. I can't see what I can do for you."

Mark threw himself back on the lounge and fixed his great brown eyes on a painting that hung above the mantel—a painting that could not fail to attract attention; for it was a picture of a young girl, with mild blue eyes and pale yellow hair, that shone as if lightly touched with sunshine. Her small hands were filled with clusters of roses, and the thin scarlet lips half-parted in a smile that seemed to glorify the whole face.

"I think you have stared at that picture long enough," went on Hester, following the direction of Mark's eyes. "Come up stairs and help Phillis and I move the furniture from the west to the east room."

Mark knew of old that to hear was to obey, and with a muttered "hang it," lazily proceed to follow Hester up stairs.

"You spinsters have the knack of making work, I believe. You are eternally upsetting something; and I'm bored to death with your work, work, work!"

Hester paused on the upper landing, and looked down into the pleasant, nonchalant face of her Adonis-like brother. For the greatest grief of practical Hester's heart was, that Mark was constitutionally lazy, and a flirt, as heartless as he was handsome.

"I have labored for you all my life, Mark," she said, a little sorrowfully. "Where is the money to come from to finish your studies, if I don't take a boarder now and then."

"Oh, a boarder, is it?" yawned Mark, not the least disturbed by Hester's remarks. "What is it this time—man or woman?"

"A lady," sharply replied Hester. "Mrs. Millie Gray, of New York."

"A widow! Why that's the original of the picture in the parlor, Hester," exclaimed Mark, startled out of his carelessness at the idea of meeting a woman whose picture had become the ideal of all his vacation dreams.

Hester smiled grimly, but said nothing. But Mark, who never was "worth his salt," as Phillis said, at any physical labor, worked with a will, and actually whistled when the cumbrous oak furniture was arranged, and Hester announced the room ready for its occupant.

"What brings her to the country this late in the season?" questioned Mark, who longed to hear something about the expected boarder.

But Hester vouchsafed no reply; and Mark went over to the window and arranged the curtains to suit himself, thereby robbing the drapery of Hester's primness.

"I'll get a bouquet," he said to himself, as he looked down at the old-fashioned garden, where some late blossoms had survived the September frosts.

He went down and gathered one, arranging the pure white chrysanthemums and late pansies so tastefully together that pretty Millie Gray cried out with delight when it caught her eye.

"Who made it, Aunt Hester?" she said, holding it caressingly to her white cheek. "It's so lovely."

"Mark." Hester's lips closed firmly over the word. "He's at home from college now, and as foolish as ever."

Millie smiled, for the grave maiden lady before her had been her mother's friend, and although she had never met Mark Oakley, she knew his foibles as well as if they had known each other for a century.

Then followed a long, sober conversation, at the close of which Millie shook her flaxen head, and said, gravely:

"Oh, Aunt Hester, I can't; it would be cruel."

"It would be the best thing ever happened him," said Hester Oakley.

"But what would George say?"

The little woman in such deep mourning looked down at her black robes in a perplexed way.

"Never mind what anybody says," smiled Hester, "but let things take their own course."

Millie promised; but repented of her promise when she entered Hester's parlor and met Mark, whose face looked so frank and handsome, and whose manners were as gentle as a woman's. He was vain and egotistical, however; and Millie found, as they lingered over their dainty tea, that Hester's fears were not unfounded.

"His love of self will ruin him," she said to herself, quoting Hester's words. For he lacked manliness, and that honest deference of manner that appeals to every true woman's heart, and the noble self-reliance and unselfishness that was Hester Oakley's greatest charm found no counterpart in the mind of the man, who gloried in his handsome face as a little child might glory in some rare and costly toy.

Mark had made beautiful women the study of his life. Few men as young in years could as readily detect a flaw in a face others considered perfect.

Millie Gray's serene face, although it lacked the roundness and delicate seashell tints that had characterized it when the portrait above the parlor mantel was painted, was one that he could have feasted his eyes on forever. There was a pureness, a nobleness born of patient suffering and patient sorrow about her that appealed to his better nature, and almost unconsciously led him into paths that hitherto his feet had trod lightly. He had found women—women in all ranks of life—handsome or plain, who carried away by his matchless beauty and winning powers, were ready to drop into his mouth like ripe cherries. But Millie Gray was different from other women. Her cheek never flushed when he spoke tenderly to her, or her blue eyes droop beneath his glances. She was kind, courteous, even gracious; but the thought of her heart, like her past life, were as a sealed book to him. She was deaf to all his tender phrases, blind to all his tender glances, and as the days drifted into weeks, Mark began to think he had found a woman who could resist the witchery of a handsome face.

He was to leave home in a day or two, and instead of rejoicing at the prospect, as he had hitherto done, the thought of leaving the old homestead gave him pain indescribable. He could not leave Millie—Millie who was probably his senior in years, and a widow! He smiled bitterly when he thought of handsome Mark Oakley losing his heart to a widow! And to be in doubt of her affections too! It exasperated him to think of it.

He entered the parlor one evening and found Mrs. Gray seated before the fire, a look of serene content in her beautiful eyes. She was pleasant, and more disposed to be talkative than usual, and almost before he was aware of the fact, Mark had burst out into a passionate declaration.

Mrs. Gray rose to her feet, growing very white and sorrowful.

"Hester warned me of this," she murmured, holding tightly to the back of a chair for support.

"Warned you of what?" exclaimed Mark, flushing to the roots of his curly brown hair.

"That you—thought—I was a widow," blurted out Millie, half-inclined to cry.

"What are you then? Not a wife, surely?" Mark's fine eyes lit with sudden hope. What if she was not married? "Oh, Millie," he broke out again, "don't say you're married."

"Indeed I am; and to as good a man as ever lived," cried Millie. "It's all a mistake; I have no right to listen to an avowal of love from any man. My sister Alice married my husband's brother. She is a widow—not I—and, oh, Mr. Oakley, I'm so sorry." Millie held out her hand, in a spirit of contrition, for the real sorrow in Mark's face grieved her. But Mark refused to take it, and strode out of the room, very sore at heart, muttering:

"A wife! And Hester knew it all the time."

He left home the next morning, and Millie Gray looked after him, with pitying eyes.

"I'm sorry I ever came, Hester."

"Nonsense!" snapped heartless Hester. "It will do him good."

And it did. For Mark gave up flirting, and came out of college a man worth winning.

Five years after, he proposed to widow Alice Gray, who did not answer that she was already a wife, but whispered "yes" after the most approved style.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the spring of 1821, Robert S. Coffin had attained some reputation as a poet under the *nom de plume* of the "Boston Bard." He had been a compositor in the office of *The Village Record*, at West Chester, Pa., where he wrote some stanzas on "A Blind Girl," which enlisted popular sympathy from the fact of their having been put in type by a blind compositor, daughter of Mr. Miner, then publisher of the *Record*. Mr. Coffin came to Philadelphia and issued proposals for a literary paper to be called *The Bee*. After he had procured about two hundred subscribers, the subscription list came into the hands of Charles Alexander, then a recent graduate of Zachariah Poulson's *Daily Advertiser*. Mr. Alexander associated himself with Samuel C. Atkinson, of the firm of Hall & Atkinson (successors to Hall & Pierie), carrying on the printing business in the office once occupied by Benjamin Franklin, "back of No. 53 Market street." In this office, the firm of Atkinson & Alexander commenced the publication of the Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST, the first number appearing on the 4th of August, 1821—the defunct *Bee* forming the nucleus of the new enterprise. The "Boston Bard" died of consumption a few years afterwards, at his home in Newburyport, Mass., his last hours being passed in revising the proof-sheets of a volume of his poems.

The office back of No. 53 Market street, four or five doors below Second street, was a medium-sized two-story brick, the first floor occupied as a press-room, with two of Patrick Lyon's presses; the second story divided into two composing-rooms, and the attic used as the editor's private quarters.

The original editor of the POST was T. Cottrell Clarke, who withdrew in 1826 and established the *Ladies' Album*, a weekly literary miscellany, which was subsequently, under the management of Robert Morris, merged into the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*. On the appearance of the *Album*, the POST was enlarged—thus paying a compliment to the energy and talent of its retiring editor, whose new paper promised to prove a formidable rival. Mr. Clarke was succeeded as editor by Morton McMichael, who subsequently became the first editor of the old *Saturday Courier*, and now publishes the *North American and United States Gazette*. Mr. Clarke died in Camden in 1874.

The old office, long since demolished, contained in the second story the identical press at which Franklin had exercised his skill, and which now finds a resting-place among the curious relics in the Patent Office at Washington. Over the entrance to the composing-room was this "Warning," for the benefit of meddlesome visitors, probably written by Franklin himself:

"All you who come this curious art to see,
To handle anything must cautious be;
Lest by a slight touch, ere you are aware,
That mischief may be done you can't repair.
Lo! this advice we give to every stranger:
Look on and welcome, but to touch there's danger."

This paper, even so late as 1821, was worked off with the laborious manipulation of wrist-dislocating ink-balls, and a clumsy beating of forms that brings out the perspiration even to think of, in our roller days; while the crude press of Patrick Lyon and even the improved Columbian and the Washington, taxed the pressman's strength from Friday noon—sometimes all night and far into the next day—to work off what would now be a very moderate edition.

In 1828, Mr. Atkinson became sole proprietor of the POST, and employed Benjamin Mathias as editor, who subsequently became, with Joshua L. Taylor, the founder of *The Saturday Chronicle*. Leaving types for politics, Mathias was elected to the State Legislature, and for several sessions presided as Speaker of the Senate, and was the author of *Mathias' Legislative Manual*—a most useful work. He died a few years since at his residence on Vine street above Tenth. Prominent among the subsequent editors, we may name Charles J. Peterson, Rufus W. Griswold, H. Hastings Weld, and Henry Peterson.

In 1837, the folio form was abandoned for the present quarto, and the old familiar head was replaced by a more elaborate one.

In 1827, the office of the POST was removed from Market street to No. 112 Chestnut street, between Third and Fourth. In 1833, to No. 36 Carter's alley (the northern end of Dr. Jayne's building now occupies the site). In 1840, to the second floor of the old *Ledger* building, southwest corner of Third and Chestnut streets. In 1848, to No. 66 S. Third street, over the *North American* office. In 1860, it was removed to No. 310 Walnut street. In 1874, it came into the possession of R. J. C. Walker, Esq., and was removed to 727 Walnut street. Here it remained for only one year; until, in April, 1875, by Mr. Walker's retirement, it became the property of J. P. Reed, Esq., and Chas. I. Wickersham, Esq., by whom, under the firm of Reed, Wickersham & Co., the POST is now being published at 726 Sansom street.

Under their management the POST is enjoying, in its old age, a high degree of prosperity; a large share of which is probably due to the fact that it has been a favorite visitor in thousands of dwellings throughout all the older States for a period of now fifty-five years. During this time, many younger literary journals have been united with it. Among these were *The Saturday News*, published by Louis A. Godey & Co.; *The Saturday Chronicle*, by Mathias & Taylor; and *The United States*, published, in 1841–42, by Swain, Abell & Simmons, the founders of the *Public Ledger*.

The POST is the oldest of the Family Newspapers, and for many years had a monopoly of its special field. Nearly all the prominent writers of the country, for the last fifty years, have contributed to its columns, and the reputations of many were established through its agency; but many who glowed with pride as they saw their maiden efforts in its pages, now sleep forgotten in unknown graves.

Of the English authors, Mr. G. P. R. James, Mary Howitt, Mrs. Henry Wood, and others, have contributed to its pages—the last named having written several novels for the POST before the review of "East Lynne" by *The London Times* made her famous. It afforded some amusement in the office of the POST to see the very novels which had been published in its columns, without attracting much attention, brought out afterwards with a great flourish of trumpets in England, and extolled in very high terms, when reprinted in this country, by the critics of the American press. "Thus runs the world away."

Though dealing largely in light literature, the POST has never sought to be sensational, and while some of the younger papers exceed it in circulation, none are more highly esteemed, or better calculated to promote the pleasure of the family circle. —*The Proof Sheet.*

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

"William and Mary," the oldest of American colleges, with the single exception of Harvard University, has so many historical associations connected with it, that a full and minute history of it from its foundation to the present time would be almost the history of Virginia. It began its career soon after the settlement of the country, and is, consequently, now nearly two hundred years old. During all this long period it played an important part, first in the colony, and then in the commonwealth. Founded in the reign of William and Mary, it was a flourishing institution when Marlborough was fighting Louis XIV., and Addison was writing the "Spectator." The royal governors, from Spotswood to Dunmore, began and ended their official careers, and the country, from being a dependency of the British crown, became a great confederated republic, and the old college was still in the full tide of its energy and usefulness. From its situation at Williamsburg, the colonial capital, it witnessed and was part of all that was eminent, brilliant, and attractive in Virginia society. The sons of the planters were uniformly sent to the college to be educated, and the sons in turn sent their own sons to the venerable institution. It was always regarded as an important and conspicuous feature of the "vicegal court" under the royal rulers, and had in its library rare volumes with the coats-of-arms of kings and noblemen who had delighted in connecting their names with its history. Burned down more than once, the buildings were always erected again, and the work of education was steadily resumed. Almost every Virginian of any eminence in the eighteenth century had been trained for his work in the world within its walls. It gave twenty-seven of its students to the army in the Revolution; two Attorney-Generals to the United States; it sent out nearly twenty members of Congress, fifteen United States Senators, seventeen Governors, thirty-seven Judges, a Lieutenant-General and other high officers to the army, two Commodores to the navy, twelve Professors, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven Cabinet officers, the chief draughtsman and author of the Constitution, Edmund Randolph; the most eminent of the Chief Justices, John Marshall, and three Presidents of the United States. And this list, honorable as it is, by no means exhausts the number of really eminent and influential men who owed the formation and development of their intellects and characters to "William and Mary." In the long list of students, preserved from the year 1720 to the present time, will be found a great array of names holding a very high rank in the commonwealth of Virginia and the States of the South and West—in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the local legislatures. These, without attaining the eminence of those first mentioned, were the most prominent citizens of the communities in which they lived, and were chiefly instrumental in giving character and direction to social and political affairs. One and all, they received from their education at the old ante-revolutionary college the stamp and mould of character which made them able and valuable citizens—leaders, indeed, in opinion and action, whenever intellect and virtue were needed for important public affairs.—*John Esten Cooke; Scribner for November.*

SELFISHNESS is its own curse; it is a starving vice. The man who does no good, gets none. He is like the heath in the desert, neither yielding fruit nor seeing when good cometh—a stunted, dwarfish, miserable shrub.

PERSONALITIES.

MLLE. TITIENS is to have $100,000, besides her expenses, for her six months engagement in this country.

MR. SWINBURNE has a novel way of revenging himself upon the most persistent class of bores, the autograph hunters. He employs an amanuensis to write his autograph for him.

GARIBALDI, although he has ostensibly accepted it, has never drawn a dollar of the pension of $20,000 a year recently given him by the Italian government, and it is said to be doubtful whether he ever will.

THE old Emperor of Germany maintains his bodily vigor wonderfully. He was in the saddle during the whole time on both days of the recent Sedan anniversary, and galloped up and down the field at the head of his staff as briskly as ever.

IT is rumored that Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, has become engaged to the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of the late Archduke Ferdinand. Thus, England will be allied closely with Germany, Russia, Austria and Denmark.

THE Shah of Persia is a very expensive man to entertain as a guest. He never visits any one without expecting to receive presents. Not long since he was entertained for a whole day by Mirza Hussein Khan at his house in Teheran. The Shah breakfasted there and received many presents, $60,000 in cash for himself, and jewels and one hundred Cashmere shawls for his ladies. The entertainment cost Mirza Hussein Khan $100,000.

KOSSUTH is living in comfort at Barraconne, a village between Turin and Rivoli, absorbed in the cultivation of fruit, flowers and vegetables, and keeping an eye on his collections of insects and minerals. Kossuth was seventy-three years old on the 16th of September. It will be twenty-four years in December next since he came to this country and received an ovation never before nor since accorded to any foreigner, save only Lafayette.

THE Strasbourg papers give some details of Captain Boyton's fresh exploit, floating down the Rhine from Basle to Strasbourg. He was greatly distressed by the violent back currents, and said he found the river worse than the Mississippi, the Ohio, or the Missouri. He recounts, that hailing a boatman to know where he was, the man, seeing in the water an inexplicable floating black mass, rowed away, exclaiming, "The devil!" On arriving at Kehl, Captain Boyton was carried violently by the rapid current against the bridge of boats, and sank for a few seconds. He came out of the water much exhausted, having taken many more hours than he had calculated to perform the distance.

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

AMONG other English noblemen talked of as representatives to our Centennial Exposition, are the Dukes of Argyll and Norfolk, and the handsome young Marquis of Lorne.

HILLBORN L. ROOSEVELT, of New York, has been granted space at the Exhibition to put up a large organ, costing $20,000. It will be located in the gallery at the south end of the centre transept of the building, and will be a great feature. At the opposite end of the gallery space will be allotted for vocal choruses.

AMERICA, Asia, Europe and Africa will be represented in the Main Exhibition Building by four elaborate and appropriate designs, each 50 feet in height and 40 feet wide. America is represented by Columbia, with the bust of Washington on her right, that of Franklin on her left, and the background presenting the national colors and the flag of the old thirteen States; Europe by a female figure, with the bust of Homer on one side and that of Charlemagne on the other; Africa by an Egyptian female, with busts of Rameses and Sesostris; and Asia by a female figure, with the busts of Confucius and Mahomet; also Chinese and Japanese emblems, and the flags of the countries.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE FOR THE CENTENNIAL.—Up to this date eight thousand one hundred and five shares have been subscribed for through their organizations, and the sum of eighty-one thousand and fifty dollars thus secured. Besides this amount, eight thousand six hundred and sixty dollars and eighty-seven cents have been contributed as a free gift to the general purposes of the Exhibition. Three thousand six hundred and twenty dollars have been paid by the women's organization to the treasurer of the Board of Finance on account of the sale of medals. This brings the contributions from the women of the country to the general Exhibition to $93,330.87. Besides this sum, thirty-three thousand dollars have been contributed for the building of the Women's Department.

A MONUMENT, very beautiful, novel and instructive in design, is to be erected near Memorial Hall, commemorative of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Nation's Birth, and representing the Presidents, States, and general progress of the Union. It was designed by H. C. Berguer, of Lebanon, Pa. The bottom section is to be a pyramidal frustrum, composed of thirteen star-shaped layers of marble, forming steps, and representing the "Old Thirteen" which formed the basis of the Union, the thirteenth and topmost being elongated so as to give symmetry to the column and prevent its coming too soon to a point. On four corners of the latter will be statues of the first four Presidents; the fifth, or that corner which will be invisible from a front view of the monument, to be decorated with some other figure. Then seven more layers will arise, followed by six, five, four and three, the uppermost in each section being lengthened and surmounted by statues of the Presidents, as in the first instance. The topmost block of all will be a pinnacle surmounted by a statue of General Grant. In the centre of the base front will be an entrance formed of an arch resting on thirteen pillars, each succeeding section to have a corresponding though smaller opening. The iron railing to surround the whole is planned with singular appropriateness. Each panel will represent the American flag, being composed of thirteen rails, and in one of the upper corners a square space will display thirty-eight metallic stars. Posts, in shape like Indian quivers, surmounted by American eagles, will be apt companions for such patriotic rails.

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

Do you know, children, who I am? There would be no need of asking such a question of your fathers and mothers, or even of your old brothers and sisters, for to the grown-up world "Grip" is no stranger. They all know me; but as I am not going to talk to the larger folks, who think that they know too much already; but to you, dear children, who are always ready to listen, and ofttimes to prove the old saying that "little pitchers have big ears,"—as I am going to talk to you, it may be as well to introduce myself before beginning.

Don't you remember Mr. Charles Dickens, the great writer in England, who died not so long ago, and who wrote so charmingly about little boys and girls? Don't you remember how he told of Tiny Tim, with his crutch of pain; of Little Nell, who led her poor dear grandfather everywhere, and took such good care of him; of Paul Dombey, who floated down the dark river to Shiny shore beyond; of the Fat Boy at Mr. Wardle's, at whom everybody laughed so much; of David Copperfield, who was once a little boy like some of you; of Little Dorrit, who wasn't really so little after all, but who waited on her father so patiently, and at last met the reward of all good girls; of the many ups and downs of the desolate Pip; of the bare feet and ragged form of Bleak House's Joe; of Toots, the wonderful boy at Blimber's School, who was always writing so many letters of "no consequence" to himself; of poor Smike, who ran away from his cruel master, and whom no one knew about until he had gone to heaven; and of Oliver Twist, who was whipped so badly just because he asked for a little more soup? Don't you remember all of these names or some of them? You must know some of them, for Mr. Dickens had a big heart, and it took in a great many boys and girls, and he wrote for them to read. Well, this same Mr. Dickens wrote of another poor boy who was weak and feeble, and didn't know just what he was doing. We would say, now-a-days, that he was "out of his mind." This poor fellow's name was Barnaby Rudge, and if you will read the story which Mr. Dickens wrote of him, you will find that his very best friend was "Grip," and that "Grip" was a Raven, of whose presence of mind and good sense, this English writer has written compliments which modesty, my dear children, forbids my repeating to you. This, then, is who I am, and now that we are introduced, I hope we shall be good friends, for since Master Barnaby went to the "happy land," I have been wandering up and down, all over the world, and I have much to tell you, from week to week, if you will listen.

Any words, dear children, that you may have to say to the old Raven, will be kindly welcome, and if you will be as glad to hear from me as I shall be to hear from you, we shall continue to be the warmest of friends until you reach the grown-up period, or until the long, long sleep which even the Ravens cannot escape, shall come to GRIP.

FAMILY SCHOOLS.—How would some of our little readers have liked to have gone to school with Coleridge, the English poet? Somewhere in the scant writings he has left behind him, he says that when he began to cry on the first day of his return to school, after the pleasant holidays, his teacher, a cross old fellow by the name of Bowyer, said to him, "Boy, the school is your father, and your mother, your brother, sister, first and second cousin, and all the rest of your relations. So, no more crying." Wasn't that affectionate on the part of the teacher? How many of our young readers would like to accept such a relationship, and yet, after all, the old man was not far from right, for could he have driven out of the head of his scholars all thoughts excepting those relating to school and school duties, this same Coleridge would have left us more fruits of a genius more fully ripened.

A USEFUL DOG.—You have all read of the many uses to which dogs are put by their owners, and how the full grown animals are made to do work of which, as puppies, they never dreamed, but have you ever heard of a dog who was a professional bone gatherer? I came across one, the other day, who was just in this line, or rather his master was, and this dog helped him. Both the dog and his master are—citizens, I suppose—of Pottstown, in the State of Pennsylvania, and the master, a Mr. Dick Gruff—what a name for a bone-picker!—has followed the business for a long time. He goes out with his dog and a little donkey wagon, and when the wagon stops, the dog trots off and hunts for bones, just as if he were hungry, and when he finds one, he picks it up carefully and brings it to the wagon. If he finds any with meat on, he puts them carefully in one corner of the wagon, and when he is through with his work, he sits down in that corner, and has an old fashioned good time all to himself—and the bones. Whether the bones like such close acquaintance or not, I cannot say, but I know the dog enjoys it, for he told me so. Isn't he a curious fellow? I forgot to ask him his name and so must simply call him a good and well-trained dog.

KNOWING TOO MUCH.—It is bad for any one to imagine that he or she has an abundance of brain, to the exclusion of their friends from the privilege of having any, but it is far worse for you, my little ones, to indulge in this fault, because it is a habit that grows faster than you do, and once well grown, it is very troublesome and hard to shake off. Too many ideas are perhaps no worse than too few; but it does not always pay to have too many at once. A long time ago, up in Scandinavia—if you know where that is—the people of the country cut graven images, just as the Hindoos do, and then like the Hindoos, they fell down on their knees, and worshipped these images. Don't blame them for that, because they knew no better, and they meant well by it,—but they had one god whom they called Kvasir,—a strange name, isn't it?—and this Kvasir, as the priests taught the people, was suffocated. How do you suppose this great catastrophe came to happen? Why, he had so many ideas that they stuck in his throat, and he could not find any one who could ask him questions fast enough to let him get his ideas out, and so, although, he was a god, he choked to death because he *knew too much*. Of course, children, this is a fable, but the people of Scandinavia believed it at the time, and don't you think that the story has a short lesson in it for some of us?

A DOG LIGHTHOUSE.—Speaking of dogs, I just happen to think of another good old dog who was once a good friend of mine; but we have not seen each other for so long that he may have forgotten me, although dogs have such good memories that they hardly ever forget any one. Some time ago, before I ever met this dog friend of mine, a party of us were going down one of the great rivers of the west, on a fine large steamer. Near the mouth of the river was a shallow place, where the channel was narrow and difficult to steer through in open daylight, and as it was pitch dark when we came to this dangerous place, we went to the pilot and asked him to stop until morning, for, of all things, a Raven dislikes to be wet. The pilot told us to wait and see how nicely he would get through. Just then we heard a dog begin barking, away off on the shore. At this the pilot laughed and said, "We're all right, now," and away we went, right through the channel, and came out safe and sound, below the shallow place. The pilot told some of the passengers that he had steered by the bark of that dog for years, and he didn't know how he would have got by that place, if the dog and his bark had not been there. The dog was not paid for his work, and the question comes up, "how did he know just when to bark, and who taught him?" Can any of our young readers tell?

THE TWO BILLS.

Two bills were awaiting in the bank for their turn to go out into the world. One was a little bill, only one dollar; the other was a big bill, a thousand dollar bill.

While lying there side by side, they fell a talking about their usefulness. The dollar bill murmured out:

"Ah! if I were as big as you, what good I would do! I could move in such high places, and people would be so careful of me, wherever I should go! Everybody would admire me, and want to take me home with them; but, small as I am, what good can I do? Nobody cares much for me. I am too little to be of any use."

"Ah, yes! that is so," said the thousand dollar bill; and it gathered up its well trimmed edge that was lying next the little bill, in conscious superiority. "That is so," it repeated. "If you were as great as I am, a thousand times bigger than you, then you might hope to do some good in the world," and its face smiled a wrinkle of contempt for the little dollar bill.

Just then the cashier comes, takes the little murmuring bill, and kindly gives it to a poor widow.

"God bless you!" she cries, as with a smiling face she receives it. "My dear hungry children can now have some bread."

A thrill of joy ran through the little bill as it was folded up in the widow's hand, and it whispered, "I may do some good, if I am small." And when it saw the bright faces of her fatherless children, it was very glad that it could do a little good.

Then the little dollar bill began its journey of usefulness. It went first to the baker's for bread, then to the miller's, then to the farmer's, then to the laborer's, then to the doctor's, then to the minister's, and wherever it went it gave pleasure, adding something to their comfort and joy.

At last, after a long, long pilgrimage of usefulness among every sort of people, it came back to the bank again, crumpled, defaced, ragged, softened by its daily use. Seeing the thousand dollar bill lying there, with scarcely a wrinkle or finger mark upon it, it exclaims:

"Pray, sir, and what has been your mission of usefulness?"

The big bill replies: "I have been from safe to safe among the rich, where few could see, and they were afraid to let me go out far lest I should be lost. Few indeed are they whom I have made happier by my mission."

Then the little dollar bill said: "It is better to be small and go among the multitudes doing good, than to be so great as to be imprisoned in the safes of the few." And it rested satisfied with its lot.

THE BOY FOR THE TIMES.

We like an active boy, one who has the impulse of the age—the steam engine in him. A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he won't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas; men think quickly, speak quickly, and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead if you burst your boiler," is the motto of the age; and he succeeds the best in every line of business who has the most of the do or die about him.

"To all the prize is open.
But only he can take it
Who says with Roman courage
I'll find a way, or make it."

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times; be up and dressed always, not gaping your eyes as if you were fast asleep, but wide awake whatever may turn up, and you may be something before you die.

Think, plan, reflect, as much as you please before you act, but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your eyes upon an object, pull off your coat cheerfully, roll up your sleeves in earnest, and with a merry song spring at the mark at once.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

But above all this be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in the marble; if a merchant, write in your day-book and spread it in capitals in your ledger. Let honesty of purpose be your guiding star.

THE most trifling actions that affect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of a hammer at five in the morning, or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money next day—demands it before he can receive it in a lump.

To oblige ingratitude is as insuperable a difficulty as to fill a sieve with water.

OUR CHROMO.

DE SOTO:

The above is a very faithful representation, in a small scale, of one of the paintings, representing memorable events which have occurred on this continent, which fill the eight panels in the rotunda of our National Capitol.

It was copied by special permission of the Government, and is solely and exclusively ours, in so far that NO ONE can possibly get it except they subscribe for the POST.

It is the largest chromo ever given with a paper, being 19 by 25 inches. The subject is the Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, one which many a brilliant pen, and the pencil of one great artist, have made familiar to most of our readers.

Every figure in the group is a study, from the exact models of the period. In the centre of the picture sits De Soto, on a magnificent Arab horse, which was a portrait carefully drawn of the famous Abdel-Kader's battle horse, the animal being, at the time the painting was executed, in the Imperial stables at St. Cloud, near Paris.

The attitude of De Soto is sublime, for it is natural. In the background are Indian lodges, with Indians of all ages and both sexes standing near them. Two young maidens have cast themselves on the ground almost before De Soto, one of them bending with grace and gentleness, the other clinging to her sister like a startled fawn. Close by them are three Indian chiefs; one, a middle-aged man, erect, full of fire and bearing, gazing upon a new rival invading his empire; next to him, an old casique, or chief, bearing the pipe of peace, highly ornamented with the brightest feathers, bending before the conqueror; and near him, a young chief, with a panther skin thrown gracefully around his loins, the ideal of the Uncas of Cooper.

Following their gallant and beloved leader, upon their handsome horses, ride two chevaliers, types of the chivalry of Spain, followed by an enthusiastic group of standard-bearers and helmeted warriors.

As far as the eye can reach, rolls the glorious Mississippi, the Father of Waters.

The above drawing gives but a very feeble conception of the rich and gorgeous coloring, the artistic beauty and finish of this truly magnificent chromo, which we offer to every one who subscribes to the POST.

It is pronounced by everyone who has seen it, and by the most competent *connaisseurs*, to be beyond all comparison the finest chromo ever given by a paper.

As a historical picture, representing one of the most memorable events in the early days of our country, it carries us back, as it were, to the very fountain-head of our Nation's life, and at a time like the present, when the minds of all Americans are so deeply absorbed in everything pertaining to our early history, no more appropriate picture could be offered to the public.

THE BOY WRECKER;

OR,

THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.

A Romance of Sea and Shore.

BY

Col. PRENTISS INGRAHAM,

Author of "The Cuban Patriot," "The Masked Spy," "Tracked Through Life," "The Skeleton Corsair," "The Boy Pilot," "The Surf Angel," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE WRECKERS' ISLAND.

The scene of mystery now changes, kind reader, from the sea to the shore—a wild-looking island among the West Indies, where many long years ago the South Sea buccaneers were wont to have their haunts.

After the expulsion of the Spanish pirates from those waters, the island was for a long while uninhabited, but at length, one pleasant afternoon, some eight years before the scene that opens this story, a small lugger, of perhaps twenty tons burden, was visible slowly approaching the land, apparently with the intention of finding a harbor.

It was a dangerous coast to be upon without being thoroughly skilled in the approaches to the island, but the lugger held directly on her course, and it was soon evident that the man at her helm well knew the circuitous channel.

Upon the lugger's deck were visible four persons, the helmsman, a man of gigantic frame, heavily bearded, and a face and manner that indicated a former acquaintance with refined society, although his rough life and sinister look betokened a long absence from other influences than that of a seaman's career.

A woman stood near him, and in her face were traces of former beauty, and perhaps nobleness, but it had changed, by evil contact, to a face hard, cruel and forbidding.

A young girl, a mere child of eight years of age, was playing with a kitten about the deck, and one glance into her sunny eyes and pretty face proved that, whatever the others might be, she at least was uncontaminated and pure in thought.

The fourth personage was a negro, as black as ink, with a huge form, powerful and agile, and a face that suggested devilment when aroused to anger.

"You are certain you know the channel, Carl, for I do not like these ugly reefs?" presently said the woman, as the lugger grazed a white rock on the starboard quarter.

"I know every turn of the channel as well as I do your wild-cat temper," brutally returned the man.

"Time was when you deemed me perfection; but fancies change like faces, Carl," sneered back the woman, while the negro put in, as if to calm a storm he saw was imminent:

"Dis am de road to de debbil, and dis poor nigger nebber git out of dis box—dat's sartin. What you tink, missus?"

"I think if Carl Vassar had led a better life he would not now have to be hiding his valuable head away from the world, as he does."

"In the devil's name, what are you grumbling about? This island, rough as it looks from the sea, is a perfect little Paradise in the interior, and we'll find there fruits in abundance, and any number of fowl and cattle, for the old buccaneers lived well in those days. When we want provisions, we can go in the lugger to some of the coast towns on the main islands and get them, and here we will be safe from all fear."

"I should think so," sneered the woman.

But to her reply the man took no notice, as it required all his attention to keep his craft in the dangerous channel.

After a longer run of half an hour the lugger glided in under the shelter of the lofty cliffs, and entered the mouth of a small inlet, not visible until within a cable's length of it.

Into the inlet the wind was blowing, so that the little craft soon passed into the island and disappeared from sight.

A run of an eighth of a mile, and the man addressed as Carl Vassar put his helm up, and the lugger drifted gently alongside of a firm bank, the negro, Arab, as he was called, springing quickly ashore and making the line fast to a tree.

"Well, this *is* a kind of an earthly Eden, Carl, but it will have devils for its inmates in you and I, husband mine," said the woman, as she glanced around her upon the really beautiful spot, for a lovely valley was before her, not very extensive it is true, but with a gorgeous growth of underwood and foliage, and a carpet of luxuriant grass.

Here and there were visible the ruins of the former homes of the buccaneers, and flying before their approach, as they landed, were numbers of fowls, while darting hither and thither in affright were dozens of sheep, goats, and a few cattle, greatly startled at the invasion of their quiet retreat.

Such was the advent of Carl Vassar and his companion upon the lonely island, where, for some cause known to his wife and himself, he had sought a secure haven of safety, away from the iron clutches of the law.

Having, with the aid of what they found on the island, and what they had brought with them in the lugger, made themselves thoroughly comfortable, they settled down to a listless life of quietude, the woman devoting herself to the household duties and, strange to say, education of the young girl, Violet, who was most willing to learn all that could be taught her, and in the perfect *abandon* of her island life seemed perfectly happy, for Arab, ever kind to the innocent child, had caught her a little lamb and goat, and gathered around her a number of pets.

Silent, stern, but with an ever restless manner, Carl Vassar passed his days in hunting, fishing and cultivating his garden, and seemed content to live thus away from his fellow-men.

Thus passed the days, months and years away, until one night, in a fearful storm that swept over the island, a stately ship was driven upon its inhospitable shores and dashed in pieces.

The morning broke bright and beautiful, and the islanders discovered the terrible fate that had been visited upon the doomed ship and crew, for the shore was lined with the bodies of the dead and the merchandize and timber of the once gallant vessel.

Of all that gallant crew not one lived to tell the story, and for days the islanders were busy in collecting the stores and valuables that came ashore, while the dead were left to rot upon the beach.

This mishap to the gallant vessel put it into the evil heart of Carl Vassar to amass riches at the expense of the lives and ruin of others, and his nefarious designs he at once broached to his wife.

"Have you lost every atom of heart and honor, Carl?" said the woman, with a twinge of conscience.

"Have you forgotten that with wealth we may yet become once more what we were in years gone by?"

"No, Carl; do as you please."

"I will."

The result of this interview was that the lugger set sail that very day, with only its master and Arab on board, and headed down the coast towards one of the main towns of the West Indies.

A week passed before its return, and then Carl Vassar wore a look of malicious joy, for he had succeeded in his design, which was to bring back with him all the material for rigging a *false beacon* upon his lonely island to lure ships to destruction.

A few days more, and upon different parts of the island, three false beacons were set and nightly lighted, one by Carl himself, one by the negro, Arab, and the third, the one next the cabin, by Violet, for she had been given this duty, and told it was to *prevent* the destruction of vessels.

And thus the years stole on, ship after ship finding its doom on that lonely island, lured on to ruin by the false lights that so cheerily cast their bright rays across the sea.

CHAPTER VI.

AN UNEXPECTED RESCUE.

When the wreck of the doomed Sea Belle struck upon the reef, Earl St. Vale certainly believed she would go to pieces, and that his hour to die had come.

But the position into which she had been borne was a peculiar one, and having, by a remarkable accident, drifted through an opening in a outer reef, she had, by the heavy sea swell, been raised up and hurled upon the second line of rocks; but in such a way that the full force of the sea could not reach her, and with such a heavy thud had she settled down, that the waves which broke over the reefs were not strong enough to raise the heavy hull, which, otherwise, would have been quickly dashed to pieces.

True, the winds had full sweep against the devoted ship, and her single mast bent before their weight; but then the sails were quickly blown to ribbons, and the stout stick withstood the fury of the gale, with its solitary occupant clinging closely to the rigging.

After long hours of watching and waiting, Earl saw that the gale had spent its fury, and ere the eastern skies grew grey before the approach of light, a calm seemed to settle upon the face of nature, though the wash of the waves and roar of the breakers were yet heard upon every hand.

Pale as death, worn out with his long struggle, and terrified by all he had gone through, Earl St. Vale watched eagerly for the coming day, wondering what hope it would bring to him of life.

Slowly the skies grew brighter, gradually a rosy hue stole athwart the heavens, and at length the earth was no longer in darkness.

Near and far the sea was yet restless under its wind lashing the night before, but landward all seemed calm.

And land was near; an atom of hope for the poor boy, though it appeared an inhospitable shore, with bold ragged cliffs, and an air of desolation reigning over all.

Presently, as the rays of the rising sun rainbowed the crests of the waves, the tired youth once more turned his weary eyes landward, and a cry of joy arose to his lips, as he beheld, coming out from the shadow of the cliff, a small boat, containing a single occupant.

Eagerly he gazed upon the rapidly approaching boat, as it neared the ship by a circuitous channel, and then, as it was near at hand, he cried:

"It is a woman; how good of her to come out here for me. Poor mamma, I wish she was here to thank her."

Descending from the rigging, as rapidly as his benumbed limbs would permit, he soon reached the deck, and rushing to the land side, gazed eagerly over the bulwark.

With dexterous skill the tiny boat was laid alongside the reef, and its occupant springing out, approached the ship, and ascending a jagged rock sprang upon the deck.

"Oh! I am *so* glad to see you, and so sorry my poor mamma is not here to see you," cried Earl, running forward towards the new comer, who was none other than Violet, grown from the tiny girl of eight, to the handsome, splendidly moulded maiden of sixteen.

Her hair was still of sunny hue, and worn in long braids hung back far below her waist, while her sun-browned face was rosy with health, and her beautiful eyes full of fearless courage and joy.

Aided by the wild life she had led, since her arrival on the island, eight years before, and untrammeled by the conventionalities of dress, her form had budded forth into magnificent womanhood, and her every movement was one of natural grace, and her every action denoted strength and activity.

Upon her face still dwelt the same sweet look of girlish innocence, and as Earl beheld her, it was no wonder he trusted her fully.

"Poor boy! are you alone on the ship," said the maiden, laying her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Yes, miss, I am all alone, and I hav had such an awful time; but I would no mind it, now you have come, if my poor mamma was not dead."

"Your mother is dead, then?" said Violet softly, and then she continued:

"Tell me all about it, little boy."

"Don't call me little boy, please miss, for my name is Earl, Earl St. Vale; and if I am a little boy, I have seen more than most men have," replied the lad, with an action of pride at his experiences, terrible as they had been.

"Well, Earl, tell me why you are here, and if all the rest of the ship's crew are dead."

"I will, miss, for I love you as though you were a big sister."

And Earl St. Vale sat there on the deck, and with Violet beside him, related all the sad story already known to the reader, and in the maiden found one who deeply sympathized with his great sorrows.

"Now, Earl, we must go to the island, for my father and Arab will be off soon, so get all of your mother's things together, and I will take them ashore in my boat. Then we will look for the body of your mother, for it must be along this beach, and Arab will dig a grave in the valley, and we will bury it there, for mother and father will let me have my way—and you, Earl, will be my little brother, and we'll roam over the island, sail in my boat, and have nice times together, and I have lots of pets to show you which Arab—he is a good fellow, Arab is—has caught for me. Now let us go."

Delighted at the change affairs had taken in his desolate life, Earl, boy like, set to work with energy, and the baggage of himself and mother was soon brought on deck and transferred to the boat, which was a long and wide canoe, made by Carl Vassar for the especial use of Violet, who was an expert oarswoman with the skill of an old seaman.

Seizing the oars, and telling Earl to be seated in the stern, Violet sent her boat flying over the waters, and in half an hour turned into the creek and landed near the cabin, just as Carl and Arab were about to start out to the wreck, for they had just returned from attending to their beacons on the distant parts of the island.

"Well, Violet, who the devil have you there?" gruffly cried Carl Vassar, as the maiden and youth sprang ashore.

"I have a little boy I found on the wreck; all the rest of the crew are dead."

Carl drew a long sigh of relief, and his face, which had paled at sight of the lad, resumed its natural color once more, while he replied in an unfeeling voice:

"It is well for them that they are; and the boy shall not—no, I'll not hurt him, for he may be of use to me. What is your name, boy?"

"Earl St. Vale, sir."

"Hell and furies! Maud! Maud! Woman are you deaf?" and raising his voice he again called out the name of his wife, who hastily appeared in the door. "Come, here is a guest for you to entertain. Allow me to present Master Earl St. Vale," and Carl Vassar laughed a bitter, harsh laugh, while every particle of color left the face of his wife as she approached and gazed upon the lad.

"He came on the wreck; he is all that is left; all the rest are in hell."

"My mother was on that wreck, you wicked man, and she is not in hell," boldly said Earl, his face flushing with anger.

"Where is your mother, boy?" and the tone of Carl Vassar changed to one of almost kindness.

"She is dead, sir; when the ship struck she was washed overboard," and his eyes filled with tears.

"Your mother dead? Well, my son, you are welcome here, and we will take good care of you. Maud, give him something to eat, for, poor child, he looks tired out and hungry. Come, Arab."

With this sudden change sweeping over him in voice and manner, the wrecker turned away, sprang into his boat, and, followed by the negro, soon was rowing rapidly down the creek.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS.

Seven years passed away after the wreck of the Sea Belle was dashed upon the reefs that encircled the island of the wreckers, and still in that secluded retreat dwelt Carl Vassar, his wife, Violet, Arab, and Earl St. Vale, grown from the boy of ten to the manly-looking youth of seventeen, with a powerfully built though handsome form, and a face full of daring and determination.

From the day of his arrival Earl seemed to win every heart, and though the lad at first dreaded the rude wrecker, after Carl had found the body of Mrs. St. Vale upon the beach and given it honored burial, the youth seemed to feel a most kindly attachment for him.

As the days sped away Earl recovered from his poignant grief for the loss of his dearly loved mother, and entered with the deepest interest into the daily life of the islanders, until he soon felt perfectly at home.

An intelligent and precocious lad, he soon became an expert sailor, and on several occasions, after his twelfth year, Carl sailed on his voyages to the towns with only Earl as an assistant.

These voyages up and down the coast soon got to be monthly occurrences, for, having entered into a partnership in the towns with parties to dispose of his merchandise obtained from wrecked vessels, Carl Vassar was wont to dispatch the lugger to and fro whenever he could secure a cargo.

At length Earl became his only companion in these trips, and when he reached his sixteenth year, Carl purchased for him a beautiful sloop-yacht, which he found for sale at a low price.

Proud of his pretty vessel, a craft of fifteen tons, Earl sailed back to the island in high glee, and then was told by Carl that in the future he must be the captain and Arab become the crew of the yacht, as he did not intend to again go to the towns.

Earl wondered at this move on the part of the wrecker, but had he known that Carl had lately seen an old comrade, who recognized in him a companion in crime, he would have felt satisfied that the islander's safest plan to avoid trouble was to keep away from the marts of his fellow men.

One day Carl set sail from the island, with Arab for his crew, and shaped his course towards a small seaport some ten leagues from his island home.

His cargo consisted of a lot of merchandise lately procured from a Spanish vessel, which the false beacons had lured to ruin.

It was a rich freight, and Carl had

warned Earl to be most careful of it, and also to drive as good a bargain as possible with Senor Lanaca, the Jew, who was wont to buy the goods from the wrecker.

Now to say that Earl St. Vale did not know he was doing wrong in thus trading away goods which had been procured through ruin and death, would be untrue, for the youth was well aware that he was in danger of his life should his vessel be taken by the Spanish authorities; still, Earl was very young when he came to the island, those he found there had been his true friends, and the arguments of both Carl Vassar and his wife had soon won him, boy that he was, from believing that he was doing other than keeping back a revenue from a government that proverbially ground down its subjects.

Also, strange to say, by only lighting his false beacons in stormy weather, Carl caused Earl and Violet to feel that it was for the purpose of warning off vessels, rather than to lure them on.

And by this ruse, the wrecker gained another point which saved him trouble, for if a vessel struck in stormy weather, it was one chance in a hundred if any of her crew ever lived to tell the tale.

Yet, if one or more poor unfortunates did survive the wreck, a visit from the wrecker and Arab was certain to forever still their tongues, so that with the dozen or more vessels that had gone to pieces on the island during Earl's stay there, he had never seen other than dead bodies come ashore from them.

With his keen sense of right and wrong blunted by his evil companionship with the wrecker and his wife, Earl, without believing himself guilty of any heinous crime, took pride in safely running the gauntlet, and successfully returning to the island, notwithstanding the jealous watch kept up by the Spanish cruisers.

Proud of his new and graceful vessel, delighted at her swift sailing and seaworthy qualities, and even anxious for an adventure with the revenue guard boats, Earl set sail from the island one pleasant day, seven years after his having been cast a waif from the wave, as it were, upon what seemed to him a most inhospitable shore.

The breeze was brisk, Arab in a good humor, the sea not rough, and under mainsail, jib and staysail, the Sea Belle, as Earl had named his yacht, sped gayly along, her young commander at the helm, and his keen eyes eagerly scanning the horizon for dangerous looking vessels.

After an uneventful run, the yacht arrived off her destined port, and quickly the pretty craft underwent a metamorphosis.

Down came the topmast from aloft, in came her long jib-boom, and over the decks were ingeniously spread by the wily Arab a number of fishing nets, and other accoutrements belonging to a fishing craft.

Slowly into the port glided the pretended fishing smack, passing under the very guns of several vessels of war, until she came to anchor in a most secluded part of the harbor, opposite to a very delapidated portion of the town, and off the entrance to a cut, or inlet, leading into the open ocean, and through which, at low tide, a light-draught vessel could go, but only when there was plenty of water through the pass.

Dropping anchor, and leaving his vessel in a very unshipshape-looking manner to avoid suspicion, Earl sprang into a light canoe which lay upon the yacht's deck, and was soon ashore.

He was handsomely dressed in a pair of white duck pants, low-quarter shoes, and a light-blue woolen shirt, with a black silk colar and cuffs. Around his neck was a white silk scarf, tied sailor-fashion, and upon his head was a sailor hat encircled by a black ribbon, the ends streaming down behind. Around his waist was a blue silk sash, that indifferently concealed a dirk-knife and butt of a pistol. Altogether, his "make up" was handsome and stylish, and any one might have believed him a dandy sailor on some foreign man-of-war, and would have remarked that the becoming suit was worn with grace and dignity, added to a certain devil-me-care air, that was exceedingly fascinating, especially with the fair Senoritas, for Carl looked much older than he really was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FIRST WORK.

The First Continental Congress met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774. Its first measures were not military, but renewed the commercial war which the Colonies had tried before, which was believed in long afterward, but which always accomplished harm to the enemy at the expense of tenfold harm at home in local and class bickerings. Trade was thrown away just when wise policy dictated to keep it, and even fight for it. After December, 1775, nothing was to be imported from any part of the British empire, and, after September, 1775, nothing was to be exported to the same. English goods were needed for the army, and came by way of the European continent and the West Indies, and lumber and tobacco the same way.

The Second Congress, May 10, 1775, set about making war, but it had no power to tax, and therefore no power to borrow. New York proposed bills of credit of the old kind, to be redeemed by taxes, and this plan was adopted. The first issue was ordered June 23, 1775—promises to pay $2,000,000 Spanish dollars. The issues were apportioned among the Colonies on an estimate of population, and they were called upon to redeem the quotas assigned them by taxes. Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire alone did this entirely; New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia did so in part. The issues went on, however, and in January, 1777, the depreciation began, although it was not admitted by Congress until September. The cost of the war for American independence was estimated by Jefferson at $140,000,000, and a statement by the treasury department fixed it at $135,000,000 specie.

SOCIAL opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.

THE study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity. It is delightful at home and unobtrusive abroad.

HOPE.

Fairer than any flower
Of summer's hour;
Sweeter than any love—
Ay, sweet in truth!
Of her what shall be said?
Hope that is dead!
Fair Hope, that garlanded,
Fair Hope, that led and fed
The dreams of youth.

What song is sweet enough
To sing of her!
What murmur of the dove,
To breathe the memories
That cling of her?
Hope, brave and strong!
Hope, sweeter than all song,
What song is sweet enough
To sing to her?

How weary are the ways
Unto our feet?
O, lagging length of days
That once were fleet.
O, barren of all grace,
Life that she made so sweet!

Hidden from moon and star,
She that was fairer far
To look upon!
Not where the roses are,
But where slow waters sweep
To the great deep,
Whose only shadows wan,
And rain may fall thereon,
But never the warm sun!

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER VIII—(CONTINUED.)

Meanwhile, the man-of-war's boat has been drawing in towards the beach, heading for a little embayment, formed by the shore-line, and the sand bar already spoken of. The horsemen coming from the town-side do not see it; nor can the crew of the boat perceive them. The land-ridge is between the two parties, its crest concealing them from one another. They are approaching it at a like rate of speed. For although the horses appear to be in a gallop, it is only a fancy gait fashionable among Spanish Californians, its purpose to exhibit equestrian skill. The two horsemen looking up the hill, see two heads on the house-top, and know that ladies' eyes are upon them. Surreptitiously goaded by the spur, their steeds plunge and curvet, apparently advancing at a rapid pace, but in reality covering little ground. At length both parties disappear from the eyes of those on the azotea. They have gone under the brow of the hill, which, overhanging for a short distance, shuts out a view of the road, as also the strip of sandy shore.

Unseen from above, the man-of-war's boat beaches, and the two officers spring out upon the strand. One of them turning, says something to the coxswain, who has remained in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes held in hand. It is an order, with instructions about where and when he is to attend them for their return to the ship.

"At the new wharf in the harbor," Crozier is heard to say; for it is he who commands, on account of seniority in rank.

His order given, the boat shoves off, and is rowed back toward the ship; while the officers commence climbing the slope, to get upon the shore-road. At the same time the horsemen are ascending from the opposite side. Soon both parties are again within view of those on the housetop. But neither as yet sees the other, or has any suspicion of their mutual proximity. The crest of the ridge is still between, and in a few seconds more they will sight one another. The men afoot are advancing at about the same rate of speed as those on horseback. The latter have ceased showing off, as if satisfied with the impression they must have already made, and are now approaching in tranquil gait, but with an air of subdued triumph—the mock modesty of the *matador*, who with blood-stained sword bends meekly before the box where beauty sits smiling approbation. The two pedestrians climb the hill less ceremoniously. Glad to stretch their limbs upon land—shake the knots out of them, as the junior gleefully remarks—they eagerly scale the steep. Not silent either, but laughing and shouting like a couple of school boys, abroad for an afternoon's holiday.

Suddenly coming within view of the house, they bring their boisterous humor under restraint at sight of two heads appearing above the roof. For they know to whom these belong, and note that the faces are turned towards them.

At the same instant the horsemen also see the heads, and observe that the faces are *not* turned towards them. On the contrary, they are averted, the ladies looking askant in another direction.

Some chagrin in this. After all their grand caracolling and feats of equitation that must have been witnessed by the fair spectators. At what are these now gazing? Is it a ship sailing up the bay, or something else on the water? No matter what, and whether on land or water. Enough for the cavaliers to think they are being slightingly received. Disconcerted, they seek an explanation, mutually questioning one another. Before either can make answer in speech, both have it before their eyes—in the shape of two British naval officers.

Like themselves, the latter have just reached the summit of the ridge, and are coming on towards Don Gregorio's gate. It is midway between; and keeping on at the same rate of speed, they will meet directly in front of it.

Neither pair has ever set eyes on the other before. For all this, there is an expression on the faces of all four that tells of mutual surmises of no friendly nature.

Calderon says to De Lara, *sotto-voce:* "The English officers!"

Cadwallader whispers to Crozier: "The fellows we've heard about—our rivals, Ned. Like ourselves, I suppose, going to visit the girls."

De Lara makes no response to Calderon. Neither does Crozier to Cadwallader. There is not time. They are all close up to the gate, and there is only its breadth between them.

They have arrived there at the same instant of time, and simultaneously make stop. Face to face, silence on both sides; not a word offered in exchange. But looks are quite as expressive—glances that speak the language of jealous rivalry—of rage, with difficulty suppressed.

It is a question of precedence, as to who shall first pass through the gate. Their hesitation is not from any courtesy, but the reverse. The men on horseback look down on those afoot contemptuously, scornfully. Threateningly, too, as if they thought of riding over and trampling them under the hoofs of their horses. No doubt they would like to do it, and might make trial, were the young officers unarmed. But they are not. Crozier carries a pistol—Cadwallader his midshipman's dirk, both appearing outside their uniforms.

For a period of several seconds' duration, the rivals stand *vis-a-vis*, neither venturing to advance. Around them is a nimbus of angry electricity, that needs but a spark to kindle it into furious flame. A single word would do it. This word spoken, and two of the four may never enter Don Gregorio's gate—at least, not alive.

It is not spoken. The only speech is one which passes from Crozier to Cadwallader—not in a whisper, but aloud, and without regard to the effect it may have on the Californians.

"Come along, Will! We've something better before us than stand shilly-shallying here. Heave after me, shipmate!"

Crozier's speech cuts the Gordian-knot; and the officers, gliding through the gateway, advance along the avenue. With faces now turned towards the house, they see the ladies still upon the *azotea*. Soon as near enough for Carmen to see it, Crozier draws out the treasured tress, and fastens it in his cap, behind the gold band. It falls over his shoulder like a cataract of liquid amber. Cadwallader does likewise; and from his cap also streams a tress, black as the plumage of a raven. The two upon the housetop appear pleased by this display. They show their approval by imitating it. Each raises hand to her riding-hat; and when these are withdrawn, a curl of hair is seen twining over their *toquillas*—one chestnut-brown, the other golden-hued.

Scarcely is this love-telegraphy exchanged, when the two Californians come riding up the avenue at full speed. Though lingering at the gate, and still far off, De Lara has observed the affair of the tresses, and understood the symbolism of the act. Exasperated beyond bounds, he can no longer control himself, and cares not what may come. At his instigation, Calderon spurs on by his side, the two tearing furiously along. Their purpose is evident: to force the pedestrians from the path, and so humble them in the eyes of their sweethearts. On his side, Crozier remains cool, admonishing Cadwallader to do the same. He feels the power of possession: assured by those smiles, that the citadel is theirs. It is for the outsider to make the assault.

"Give a clear gangway, Will," he says; "and let them pass. We can talk to the gentlemen afterwards."

Both step back among the *manzanita* bushes, and the *ginetes* go galloping past; De Lara on Crozier's side scowling down, as if he would annihilate him with a look. The scowl is returned with interest, though the officer still reserves speech. On the other edge of the avenue the action is a little different. The midshipman, full of youthful freak, determines on having his lark. He sees the chance, and cannot restrain himself. As Calderon sweeps past, he draws his dirk, and pricks the Californian's horse in his hip. The animal, maddened by the pain, bounds to one side, and then shoots off at increased speed, still further heightened by the fierce exclamation of his rider, and the mocking laugh sent after him by the mid. Under the walls the two horsemen come to a halt, neither having made much by their bit of rude bravadoism. And they know they will have a reckoning to settle for it—at least De Lara does. For on the brow of Crozier, coming up, he can read the determination to call him to account. He is not flurried about this. On the contrary, he has courted it, knowing himself a skilled swordsman and dead shot. Remembering that he has already killed his man, he can await with equanimity the challenge he has provoked. It is not fear has brought the pallor to his cheeks, and set the dark seal upon his brow. Both spring from a different passion: observable in his eyes as he turns them towards the housetop. For the ladies are still there, looking down.

Saluting, he says: "Dona Carmen; can I have the honor of an interview?"

The lady does not make immediate answer. A spectator of all that has passed, she observes the hostile attitude between the two sets of visitors. To receive both at the same time will be more than embarrassing. With their passions roused to such a pitch of anger, it must end in a personal encounter. Her duty is clear. She is mistress of the house, representing her father in his absence. The young officers are there by invitation. At thought of this, she no longer hesitates.

"Not now, Don Francisco de Lara," she says, answering his question; "not to-day. We must beg of you to excuse us."

"Indeed!" rejoins he sneeringly. "Will it be deemed discourteous in me to ask why we are denied?"

It is discourteous; and so Dona Carmen deems it. Though she does not tell him as much in words, he can understand it from her reply.

"You are quite welcome to know the reason. We have an engagement."

"Oh! an engagement!"

"Yes, sir; an engagement," she repeats, in a tone telling of irritation. "Those gentlemen you see are our guests. My father has invited them to spend the day with us."

"Ah! your father has invited them! How very good of Don Gregorio Montijo, giving his hospitality to *gringos!* And Dona Carmen has added her entreaties, no doubt?"

"Sir!" says Carmen, no longer able to conceal her indignation, "your speech is impertinent—insulting. I shall listen to it no longer."

Saying this, she steps back, disappearing behind the parapet—where Inez has already concealed herself, at the close of a similar short but stormy dialogue with Calderon.

De Lara, a lurid look in his eyes, sits in his saddle as if in a stupor. He is aroused from it by a voice, Crozier's, saying: "You appear anxious to make apology to the lady? You can make it to *me*."

"*Carrai!*" exclaimed the Creole, starting, and glaring angrily at the speaker. "Who are you?"

"One who demands an apology for your rude behavior"

"You will not get it."

"Satisfaction, then?"

"That to your heart's content."

"I shall have it so. Your card, sir?"

"There, take it. Yours?"

The bits of pasteboard are exchanged, after which De Lara, casting another glance up to the azotea—where he sees nothing but blank wall—turns his horse's head, and, spitefully plying the spur, gallops back down the avenue—his comrade closely following.

Calderon has not deemed it incumbent upon him to ask a card from Cadwallader. Nor has the latter thought it necessary to demand one from him. The mid is quite contented with what he has done with his dirk.

The young officers enter the house, in cheerful confidence that they have lost nothing by the encounter, and that those inside will still smilingly receive them.

CHAPTER IX.

A SHIP WITHOUT SAILORS.

Among the vessels lying in the harbor of San Francisco is one, athwart whose stern may be read the name El Condor.

She is a ship of small size—some five or six hundred tons—devoted to peaceful commerce, as can be told by certain peculiarities of rig and structure understood by seamen.

Her flag is a tricolor—the orthodox and almost universal red, white and blue—not, as with the French, disposed vertically, but in two horizontal bands, the lower one crimson red, the upper half white, half blue, the last contiguous to the staff, with a single five-pointed star set centrally in its field—this, with the disposition of colors, proclaiming the ship that carries them to be of Chili.

On the ship El Condor we meet not much that can be strictly called Chilian; little besides the vessel herself, and the captain commanding her—not commanding her sailors, since there are none aboard, hailing from Chili or elsewhere. Those who brought her into San Francisco Bay have abandoned her—gone off to the gold-diggings! Arriving in the heat of the placer-fever, they have preferred seeking fortune with pick, shovel, and pan, to handling tarry ropes at ten dollars a month. Almost on the instant of the Condor's dropping anchor they deserted to a man, leaving her skipper alone, with only the cook for a companion. Neither is the latter Chilian, but African—a native of Zanzibar. Neither are the two great monkeys, observed gamboling about the deck, for the climate of Chili, lying outside the equatorial belt, is too cold for the *quadrumana*.

Not much appearing upon the Condor would proclaim her a South American ship, and nothing in her cargo, though a cargo she carries. She has just arrived from a trading voyage to the South Sea Isles, extending to the Indian Archipelago, whence her lading, a varied assortment, consisting of tortoise shell, spices, mother-of-pearl, Manilla cigars and such other commodities as may be collected among the Oriental islands. Hence also two large *myas* monkeys—better known as orang-outangs—seen playing about her deck. These she has brought from Borneo.

Only a small portion of her freight had been consigned to San Francisco, and this has been long ago landed. The rest remains in her hold, awaiting transport to Valparaiso. How soon she may arrive there, or take departure from her present anchorage, is a question that even her captain cannot answer. If asked, he would most probably reply, "*Quien sabe?*" and, further pressed, might point to her deserted decks, offering that as an explanation of his inability to satisfy the inquirer.

Her captain—Antonio Lantanas by name—is a sailor of the Spanish-American type, and being this, he takes crosses and disappointments coolly. Even the desertion of his crew seems scarcely to ruffle him; he bears it with a patient resignation that would be quite incomprehensible to either English or Yankee skipper. With a broad-brimmed *jipijapa* hat shading his thin, swarth features from the sun, he lounges all day long upon his quarterdeck, with elbows usually rested upon the capstan-head, his sole occupation being to roll paper cigarritos, one of which is usually either in his fingers or between his lips.

Once a day the skipper steps into his gig and rows himself ashore. But not to search for sailors—he knows that would be an idle errand. He enters the town, but to meet other skippers with ships crewless as his own, and exchange condolences on their common destitution. On a certain day—that on which we are introduced to him—he has not sculled himself ashore, but abides upon his vessel, awaiting the arrival of one who has sent him a message.

Although San Francisco is fast becoming transformed into an American city, and already has its several newspapers, there is among them a small sheet printed in Spanish, by name *El Diario*. In this Captain Lantanas has advertised his vessel, open for freight or passage, bound for Valparaiso, and to call at intermediate ports, Panama among the number. The advertisement directs reference to be made to a shipping agent, by name Don Tomas Silvestre. In answer to it Captain Lantanas has received a letter from a gentleman who has already communicated with his agent, and who has promised to present himself on board the Condor by twelve meridian of this day.

Although a stranger to the port of San Francisco, the Chilian skipper has some knowledge of his correspondent, for Don Tomas has the day before informed him that a gentleman from whom he may expect to hear—the same whose name is signed to the letter—is a man of wealth—a large landed proprietor, whose acres lie contiguous to the rising city of San Francisco, and for this reason enormously increased in value by the influx of gold-seeking immigrants. What this important personage may want with him, Lantanas cannot tell, for Silvestre himself has not been made aware of it, the gentleman declining to state his business to any other than the captain of the ship.

On the morning of the appointed day, leaning as usual against his capstan and puffing his paper cigar, the Chilian skipper is not in a mood for playing with his monkey pets; his mind is given to a more serious matter, his whole thoughts being absorbed in conjecturing for what purpose his unknown correspondent may be seeking the interview. He is not without surmises, in which he is assisted by something he has heard while mixing in Spanish circles ashore—this, that the landowner in question has lately sold his land, realizing an immense sum—half a million dollars being rumored. Furthermore, that being a Spaniard, and neither Mexican nor Californian, he is about to return to Spain, taking with him his household gods—Lares, Penates and all. These could not be stowed in a single stateroom, but would require a whole ship, or a goodly portion of one. The Condor has still plenty of room to spare; her hold is not half full, and her cabin has accommodation for several passengers. It may be on this very business his correspondent is coming aboard? Captain Lantanas so interrogates himself while standing upon his quarterdeck, and with the glowing coal of his cigarrito fending off his hairy familiars, who, in their play, at times intrude upon him. It pleases him to think he may have surmised correctly; and while still indulging in conjecture, he sees something which puts an end to it. This is a shore-boat, with a single pair of rowers and a gentleman—evidently a landsman—seated in the stern-sheets, to all appearance coming on for the Condor. Captain Lantanas steps to the side of his ship, and, standing in her waist, awaits the arrival of his visitor. As the boat draws near he makes out a man, dressed in semi-Californian costume, such as is worn by the higher class of *haciendados*. The skipper can have no question as to who it is. If he has, it is soon answered, for the boat touching the ship's side is instantly made fast, the Californian mounts the man-ropes, and stepping down upon the deck, hands Captain Lantanas his card.

He who has presented himself on the quarterdeck of the Condor is a man in years well up to sixty, and somewhat above medium height—taller than he appears, through a slight stoop in the shoulders. His step, though not tottering, shows vigor impaired; and upon his countenance are the traces of recent illness, with strength not yet restored. His complexion is clear, rather rubicund, and in health might be more so; while his hair, both on head and chin—the latter a long flowing beard—is snow white. It could never have been very dark, but more likely of the color called sandy. This, with grayish-blue eyes, and features showing some points of Celtic conformation, would argue him either no Spaniard, or, if so, one belonging to the province of Biscay.

This last he is, for the correspondent of Captain Lantanas is Don Gregorio Montijo.

CHAPTER X.

A CHARTER-PARTY.

Soon as assured—by a glance at the card given him—that his visitor is the gentleman who has written to appoint an interview, Captain Lantanas politely salutes, and, jipi-japa in hand, stands waiting to hear what the haciendado may have to say.

The latter, panting after the effort made in ascending the man-ropes, takes a moment's time to recover breath, then returning the skipper's bow, he interrogates:

"Captain Lantanas, I presume?"

"Si, senor," responds the master of the Condor, with a bow of becoming humility to a man reputed so rich. Then adding: "*A disposion de V.* [At your service]."

"Well, captain," rejoins Don Gregorio, "I shall take it for granted that you know who I am. Don Tomas Silvestre has informed you, has he not?"

"He has, senor."

"And you've received my letter?"

"Si, senor."

"That's all right, then. And now to proceed to the business that has brought me aboard your ship. Having seen your advertisement in the *Diario*, I communicated with Don Tomas, but only so far as to get your correct address, with some trifling particulars. For the rest, I've thought it best to deal directly with yourself, as the matter I have in hand is too important to be altogether intrusted to an agent! In short, it requires confidence, if not secrecy; and from what I've heard of you, captain, I feel sure I can confide in you."

"You compliment me, Senor Montijo."

"No, no; nothing of the kind. I but speak from the impression Silvestre has given me of your character. But now to business. Your ship is advertised for freight, or passage?"

"Either, or both."

"Bound for Valparaiso and intermediate ports?"

"Anywhere down the coast."

"Have you any passengers already engaged?"

"Not any as yet."

"How many can you take?"

"Well, senor, to speak truth, my craft is not intended to carry passengers. She's a trading-vessel, as you see. But if you'll step down to the cabin, you can judge for yourself. There's the saloon—not very large, it is true—and sleeping accommodation for six—two snug state-rooms, that will serve, if need be, for ladies."

"That will do. Now about the freight. Don Tomas tells me you have some cargo aboard."

"A portion of my ship is already occupied."

"That won't signify to me. I suppose there's enough room left for something that weighs less than a ton, and isn't of any great bulk. Say it will take half a score of cubic feet. You can find stowage for that?"

"Oh, yes; much more than that."

"So far good. And you can accommodate three passengers—a gentleman and two ladies? In short, myself and the female members of my family—my daughter and grand-daughter?"

"Will the Senor Montijo step into the Condor's cabin, and see for himself?"

"By all means."

Captain Lantanas leads down the stairway, his visitor following. The saloon is inspected, after it the sleeping-rooms, right and left.

"Just the thing," says Don Gregorio, speaking in soliloquy, and evidently satisfied. "It will do admirably," he adds, addressing himself to the skipper. "And now, Captain Lantanas, about terms. What are they to be?"

"That, senor, will depend on what is wanted. To what port do you wish me to take you?"

"Panama. 'Tis one of the ports mentioned in your advertisement?"

"It is, senor."

"Well, for this freight—as I've told you, about a ton, with some trifling household effects—and the three passengers, how much?"

"The terms of freight, as you may be aware, are usually rated according to the class of goods. Is it gold, Don Gregorio? From your description, I suppose it is."

The skipper has guessed aright. It is gold—nearly a ton of it—accruing to Don Gregorio from the sale of his land, for which he has been paid in dust and nuggets, at that time the only coin in California—indeed, the only circulating medium, since notes were not to be had. The ex-haciendado is by no means a niggardly man; still, he would like to have his treasure transported at a rate not exorbitant. And yet he is anxious about its safety; and for this reason has resolved to ship it with secrecy, and in a private trading-vessel, instead of by one of the regular liners, already commenced plying between San Francisco and Panama. He has heard that these are crowded with miners returning home; rough fellows, many of them queer characters, some little better than bandits. He dislikes the idea of trusting his gold among them, and equally his girls, since no other ladies are likely to be going that way. He has full faith in the integrity of Captain Lanatas, and knows the Chilian skipper to be a man of gentle heart—in fact, a gentleman. Don Tomas has told him all this.

Under the circumstances, and with such a man, it will not do to drive too hard a bargain; and Don Gregorio, thus reflecting, confesses his freight to be gold, and asks the skipper to name his terms.

Lantanas, after a moment spent in mental calculation, says:

"One thousand dollars for the freight, and a hundred each for the three passages. Will that suit you, senor?"

"It seems a large sum," rejoins the ex-haciendado. "But I am aware prices are high just now, so I agree to it. When will you be ready to sail?"

"I am ready now, senor—that is, if——"

"If what?"

The captain, remembering his crewless ship, does not make immediate answer.

"If," says Don Gregorio, noticing his hesitation, and mistaking the reason, "if you're calculating on any delay from me, you needn't. I can have everything on board in three or four days—a week at the utmost."

The skipper is still silent, thinking of excuses. He dislikes losing the chance of such a profitable cargo, and yet knows he cannot name any certain time of sailing, for the want of hands to work his ship. There seems no help for it but to confess his shortcomings. Perhaps Don Gregorio will wait till the Condor can get a crew. The more likely, since almost every other vessel in port is in a similar predicament.

"Senor," he says at length, "my ship is at your service, and I should be pleased and proud to have you and your ladies as my passengers. But there's a little difficulty to be got over, before I can leave San Francisco."

"Clearance duties—port dues to be paid. You want the passage-money advanced, I presume? Well, I shall not object to prepaying it in part. How much will you require?"

"*Mil gracias*, Senor Montijo. It's not anything of that kind. Although far from rich, thank heaven, neither I nor my craft is under embargo. I could sail out of this harbor in half an hour, but for the want of——"

"Want of what?" asks the ex-haciendado, in some surprise.

"Well, senor—sailors."

"What! Have you no sailors?"

"I am sorry to say, not one."

"Well, Captain Lantanas, I thought it strange that I observed nobody aboard your ship—except that black fellow. But I supposed your sailors had gone ashore."

"So have they, senor; and intend staying there. Alas! that's the trouble. They've gone off to the gold-diggings—every one of them, except my negro cook. Likely enough I should have lost him too, but he knows that California is now part of the United States, and fears that some speculating Yankee might make a slave of him, or that he might meet his old master—for he has had one already."

"How vexatious all this is!" says Don Gregorio. "I fear I shall have to look out for another ship."

"I fear you'll not find one much better provided than mine—as regards sailors. In that respect, to use a professional phrase, we're all in the same boat."

"You assure me of that?"

"I do, senor."

"I can trust you, Captain Lantanas. As I have told you, I'm not here without knowing something of yourself. You have a friend in Don Tomas Silvestre?"

"I believe I have the honor of Don Tomas' friendship."

"Well, he has recommended you in such terms that I can thoroughly rely upon you; for that reason, I shall now make known why I wish to travel by your ship."

The Chilian skipper bows thanks for the compliment, and silently awaits the proffered confidence.

"I have just sold my property here, receiving for it three hundred thousand dollars in gold-dust—the same intended for your freight. It is now lying at my house, some three miles from town. As you must be aware, Captain Lantanas, this place is at present the rendezvous of scoundrels collected from every country on the face of the earth, but chiefly from the United States and Australia. They live and act almost without regard to law, such judges as they have being almost as great criminals as those brought before them. I feel impatient to get away from the place; which, under the circumstances, you won't wonder at. And I am naturally anxious about my gold-dust. At any hour a band of these lawless ruffians may take it into their heads to strip me of it—or, at all events, attempt to do so. Therefore, I wish to get it aboard a ship—one where it will be safe, and in whose captain I can thoroughly confide. Now, captain, you understand me?"

"I do," is the simple response of the Chilian. He is about to add that Don Gregorio's gold, as also his secret, will be safe enough, so far as he can protect it, when the ex-haciendado interrupts him by continuing:

"I may add that it is my intention to return to Spain, of which I am a native—to Cadiz, where I possess some property. That I intended doing anyhow. But now, I want to take my departure at once. As a Spaniard, senor, I needn't point out to you, who are of the same race, that the society of California cannot be congenial—now that outcasts from the United States have become its rulers. I am most anxious to get away from the place as soon as possible. It is exceedingly awkward your not having a crew. Can't something be done to procure one?"

"The only thing is to offer extra pay. There are plenty of sailors in San Francisco; for they've not all gone to gather gold. Some are engaged in scattering it. Unfortunately, most are worthless drunken fellows. Still it is possible that a few good men might be found, were the wages made sufficiently tempting. No doubt an advertisement in the *Diario*, offering double pay, might procure me as many hands as should be needed for working my ship."

"How much would it all amount to?"

"Possibly an extra thousand dollars."

"Suppose I pay that, will you engage

the whole ship to me; that is, take no other passengers, or wait for any more freight, but sail at once—soon as you've secured a crew? Do you agree to such terms?"

"Si, Senor, they are perfectly satisfactory."

"In that case, I'll be answerable for the extra wages. Anything to get away from this pandemonium of a place."

"I think we shall have no great difficulty in getting sailors. You authorize me to advertise for them?"

"I do," answers Don Gregorio.

"Enough!" rejoins the skipper. "And now, senor, you may make your preparations for embarking."

"I have not many to make. Nearly all has been done already. It's only to get our personal baggage aboard, with the freight safely stowed. By the way," adds the ex-haciendado, speaking *sotto-voce:* "I wish to ship the gold as soon as possible, and without attracting any attention to it. You understand me, captain?"

"I do."

"I shall have it brought aboard at night, in a boat which belongs to Silvestre. It will be safer in your cabin than anywhere else—since no one need be the wiser about the place of deposit."

"No one shall, through me."

"That I feel certain of, Senor Lantanna. Don Tomas is your endorser; and would be willing to be your bondsman, were it needed—which it is not."

Again the Condor's captain bows in acknowledgment of the confidence reposed in him; and after some further exchange of speech, respecting the shipment of the treasure, and the writing out an advertisement which Don Gregorio is to get inserted in the *Diario*, the latter returns to his boat, and is rowed back to the shore; while the Chilian skipper lights a fresh cigarrito, and with elbows rested on the capstan-head, resumes the attitude of *insouciance*, out of which he has been temporarily aroused.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TERRAPIN.

The season for terrapin begins on the first of October, and continues until the first or middle of March. They are frequently brought to market before and after this period; but by good judges they are then considered unfit for the table. The three common varieties of salt water terrapin known to our dealers are the true "diamond-backs," the "little bulls" and the "red fenders." The diamond-backs are considered marketable when they become about six inches long, and they are rarely found more than eight inches in length. They are generally about six inches long when three years old. This season, terrapin of this size bring fifteen dollars per dozen. A large size, eight inches long, are considered very choice, and easily command twenty dollars per dozen. When less than six inches long their marketable price decreases very materially, and they bring only from eight to ten dollars per dozen. They are sometimes caught by the fishermen in their nets. But this does not often occur at this season of the year, as terrapin becomes torpid on the approach of cold weather, and burrow in the mud at the bottom of the small streams along Chesapeake Bay. When the season for hunting them arrives, the hunters—who are generally colored men—go up these shallow streams in boats, when the tide is out, in search of their game. While one man sits in the stern of the boat and paddles slowly along, another takes his station in the bow, armed with an iron-pointed pole, with which he probes the mud. These men become so expert that as soon as the back of a terrapin is struck in the mud they know the fact by the peculiar sound, and, dropping the pole, they take a pair of short oyster-tongs, with which the animal is quickly dug out of the mud and lifted into the boat. These men make very good wages during the early part of the season, as two men will sometimes capture twenty terrapins a day. A prominent dealer estimates that from eight hundred to twelve hundred persons are engaged in terrapin hunting during the early part of the season. The hunters receive about sixty per cent. less than the market value of the terrapin, which pass through three or four hands before they reach the large cities, where they are sold to consumers. During the season about three hundred thousand terrapins are brought to Baltimore, and are shipped to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati and other points. These will average in value at least one dollar; so that the trade must aggregate more than three hundred thousand dollars a year at the lowest calculation. The male terrapin never grow as the females, and are considered much inferior as an article of food. The males rarely reach the length of five inches, and among the dealers and fishermen are known as "little bulls." Their market value at the present time is about ten dollars a hundred. There is another variety of terrapin known as the "red-fenders;" but their meat is coarse, and the flavor is fishy. They grow much larger than the true "diamond-back," and often become eighteen and twenty inches long.

THE DARK DAY.—The 19th of May, 1780, was distinguished by the phenomenon of a remarkable darkness all over the Northern States, and is often referred to as "the dark day." At that time the legislature of Connecticut was in session at Hartford. A very general opinion prevailed that the day of judgment was at hand. A proposal to adjourn was under consultation. When the opinion of Col. Davenport was asked, he answered: "I am against an adjournment. The day of judgment is either approaching or it is not. If it is I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

Dragging Out Existence.

The nervous, weakly invalid does not enjoy life, but merely "drags out existence," as the phrase is. Unfitted for the active pursuits of life, and incapable of partaking of its pleasures, to which health alone can give a zest; disinclined to social intercourse, and a prey to melancholy, the valetudinarian is indeed an object of pity. Yet there is nothing in all this that cannot be remedied by that genial alterative tonic and nervine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which supplies deficient stamina, braces the nervous system, and overcomes those bodily irregularities to which nervous weakness is most frequently attributable. Diseases of the kidney and bladder, imperfect digestion and uterine troubles are fertile sources of debility. Their eradication, however, becomes a matter of certainty when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are systematically used for that purpose. The Bitters likewise annihilate and prevent fever and ague and other debilitating febrile complaints of a malarial nature.

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FACETIÆ.

A YOUNG MAN who during his courtship sent his girl some poetry beginning: "Was it a gleam of golden hair?" was mortified after marriage to see her hang that "gleam" over the back of a chair.

A BOY was asked which was the greatest evil, hurting another's feelings or his finger. "The feelings," he said. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner; "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," explained the child.

SHE GATHERS.—About these times the sentimental maiden wanders forth to gather the golden leaves, as she picks them up one by one she soliloquizes:

"Oh! falling leaves, he that passeth by may read a letter in your falling. You are typical of human life. Your mission accomplished, the cold hand of——wo-o-o that big dead caterpillar—wowch!" —*Detroit Free Press.*

THE letter of the law. *Liberal Old Lady.*—"Oh! policeman, policeman; there's a strange dog that will stick to me and won't leave me, and I can't get rid of him. Couldn't you take him in charge or something?" *Policeman* (who doesn't like the job.)—"Very sorry, ma'am; but we can't interfere with any dog so long as he's a follerin' o' somebody!"

GOING up-street one hot day last summer, a man saw a boy about eleven years of age seated on the sidewalk, bareheaded, in the full blaze of the scorching sun.

"Bub, you ought not to sit there," said the man.

"Why?"

"Because you'll get all tanned up."

"Makes no difference to me whether I sit in the sun or the shade," sadly answered the boy; "mother tans me up three or four times a day, anyhow."

NONE THERE.—A gentleman who wanted to collect statistics in regard to the number of people over eighty years old living on one block in the Fifth Ward (there are nine of them) recently called at a grocery store in that neighborhood and inquired of the proprietor:

"Can you give me a few statistics this morning?"

The grocer looked over his stock, seemed greatly puzzled, and replied:

"I don't believe I've got one, but give me your order and I'll get 'em for you down town!"

LITERARY APPRECIATION.—A gentleman relates, after leaving a paper of which he was the editor, and returning on a visit, he wrote a leader for the new editor, and he really thought it good—better than he had written for months. Next day he met an old acquaintance with a paper in his hand. "Ah," said he, "this paper is but a miserable thing now—nothing like what it' was when *you* had it!"—and pointing to the article he had written, he continued:—"Look for instance, at that thing! Who would read such trashy stuff as that! Why didn't the fool let you write the article?"

FAIR DIVISION.—Irish builder (to laborers aloft)—"How many of yez is up there?"

Laborers (in chorus)—"Three!"

Irish builder—"Shure, that's too many; the *half* of yez come down at once."

JUST before the opening of school or right after its close, the following conversation is quite frequently heard on the street between two boys several hundred feet apart:

First Boy—"Hey, Johnny, I've got that."

Second Boy (wonderingly)—"Got what?"

First Boy (eagerly)—"You know."

Second Boy (corrugating his brow for a moment, and then suddenly lighting up)—"Oh, have you? Good for you. I'll come over to-night."

And both boys go their respective ways, whistling.

SOPHISTRY.—You can't get an old shoemaker to blunder. The other day when a weighty woman sailed into a Detroit shoe store and selected a pair of No. 4's, and sat down to have them tried on, the shoeman saw that she wanted sevens. But he didn't tell her so, and start her out of the shop on a gallop. He smiled and softly said:

"Madam, all the aristocratic ladies are now wearing shoes three sizes too large for their feet, in order to have cool extremities, and of course you want to follow the style."

She smiled like a duck in reply to his smile, and replied:

"You are in a position to know best, and I leave everything to your judgment."

When she went out she said she never had such easy fitting shoes on in her whole life.

HE wasn't to be fooled. He came aboard the train at a small station south of Wilmington, Delaware, and he had two little boys with him. The sandwich fiend came husting through the car, howling:

"Sandwiches! Sandwiches!"

The traveler seized the maniac peddler by the arm as he passed, and said:

"How much be they?"

"Ten cents a piece," said the bloated coupon-clipper with the basket.

"Gimme three."

The three were handed out. A little doubtful about the squareness of the trade, the traveler gently uncovered one of them before completing the purchase.

Separating the two slices of bread carefully he looked within.

A single glance sufficed. There was a mixture of disappointment and indignation in his tone, as he scorufully returned the provisions and said:

"A little bit o' ham and some bread! Look hyar! You can't play no Yankee trick on me! I'm from the country, but I know enough to know that ain't no sandwich. A sandwich is a fish."

And he wouldn't take them.

A CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE.

A curious freak of nature is found at Willough Lake, in the northern part of Vermont, where Mounts Pisgah and Hor rise 2,500 feet from the water, and 4,000 feet above the sea, and are less than a mile apart, while the lake below is of unknown depth—all efforts to sound it having failed—and is supposed to rest at the level of the sea. A few years ago an immense rock, weighing over 300 tons, was started from its bed at the top of Mount Pisgah, and fell down the almost perpendicular face of the mountain into the lake, tearing away the carriage road and everything that opposed it, shaking the whole region round and being heard ten and fifteen miles away. The lake is an immense spring, as hardly a brook flows into it, but a river flows out large enough to carry extensive mills.

A winding footpath conducts to the summit of Mount Pisgah, which is abrupty cut off on the side nearest the lake, forming a perpendicular precipice nearly 3,000 feet high, below which lies water of such singular transparency that one can see more than 100 feet below the surface. The temptation to leap from such a height is almost irresistible, and no one has yet visited the place of strong enough nerve to stand erect and look over the brink, but visitors crawl up on their hands and knees to satisfy their curiosity. The view from this height is grand. To the east can be seen the White mountains and the Connecticut river, winding down eighty miles of its course; to the north and northwest are Monadnock, fifty miles away, and the entire length of Lake Memphremagog, and to the west is seen the western range of the Green mountains. The scenery is unsurpassed in New England, and the drive over the carriage way which skirts the lake and connects Orleans and Caledonia counties is the most picturesque of any in the State.

OLD TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.—The various laws which were frequently enacted in Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to check the immoderate drinking of wine and spirits, proved utterly abortive, owing to the social life of the middle ages, which was chiefly based upon *quaffing*. Charlemagne himself was obliged to order that the counts and margraves should at least be sober when sitting in courts of justice, while the German emperors were, at their coronation ceremony, asked "whether they promise, by the help of Providence, to lead a sober life!" Indeed, all the laws and regulations of the sixteenth century were mainly directed against *drunkenness*, but not against *drinking*. Even Luther was no enemy to wine—witness the large goblet (still in extant at Nuremberg) which he presented to his friend Jonas. A temperance society was at last formed by the aristocracy of the sixteenth century, and the following were among the rules: "To drink daily only fourteen cups of wine. Italian, Spanish, or hot-spiced wines are prohibited beyond one cup a day, which must be deducted from the daily allowance. For the further quenching of thirst beer is allowed. These fourteen cups must not be drunk at once, but after at least three intervals."

KEEP YOUR TROUBLES SACRED.—A wife of forty, whose life cannot have been all sunshine, writes the following advice to other married pairs: "Preserve sacredly the privacies of your house, your married state and your heart. Let not father or mother, sister or brother, or any third person, even to presume to come in between you two, or to share the joys and sorrows that belong to you alone, to you two. With God's help, build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Renew or review the vow, at all temptations—it will do you both good. And thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one."

WONDERS OF CHEMISTRY.—The tomato vine, which furnishes food so palatable to almost every one, belongs to the same family of plant as the deadly nightshade, which attains such a rank growth in the edge of swamps and by the shady roadside, and which all children are educated so cautiously to shun. Aquafortis and the air we breathe are made of the same materials. Linen, sugar, and spirits of wine are so much alike in their chemical composition that an old shirt can be converted into its own weight in sugar, and the sugar into spirits of wine. Wine is made of two substances, one of which is the cause of almost all combustion, and the other will burn with more rapidity than anything else in nature. Peruvian bark, and the poisonous principle of opium, are found to be composed of the same materials.

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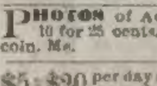
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THE BOUDOIR.

We are pleased to chronicle a sensible movement in the fashionable world, which is the tendency to restore alpaca goods to favor for promenade suits and for home wear. Among the many superior brands now in market the "silk-faced" and "double-warp" varieties are the best, and have a lustre equal to silk. The most popular style for making up these goods is with a long square overskirt and round cuirass basque. The trimmings are fringes, braid or knife pleatings.

A very pretty model for such suits may be copied from one we shall describe. It had two flounces on the lower skirt, one pleated the other gathered; a deep apron overskirt, simply corded around the bottom and drawn away towards the back, held in place by tapes; a square back, slightly draped; a cuirass basque, with two rows of knife pleating across the back of the basque, from one side seam to another. A deep pleated pocket is placed on the right side of the overskirt. Crochet buttons close the front, and a deep Byron collar finishes the neck.

Another suit was made with deep box-plaited flounce on the lower skirt, headed by a bias puff. A long polonaise, buttoned down the front, and with the Marguerite back, having the addition of basques in the back and side seams, is made instead of the usual basque and overskirt. The polonaise is corded around the edge, and trimmed with deep woolen fringe.

A charming suit of silk and cashmere was made with the lower skirt of silk, trimmed with bias bands of velvet four inches wide, and corded on each side with silk. The overskirt was of the new brocaded cashmere. It was made long, and diagonally lapped in front. A deep silk fringe, heavily knotted, edged it, and a long pocket of silk was placed on the right side of the front. A Louis Sixteenth basque, with a deep square vest and sleeves of silk, completed the costume.

A hat of gray felt, with a corouet brim of fur, caught up on the left side by a cluster of scarlet berries and spray of leaves; a long gray ostrich plume crossed the crown and fell over the back of the hat; a wide scarf of gray tuilled silk encircled the crown, and a shaded crimson wing, quite large, was placed to the left of the back.

A promenade suit of velvet and silk was shown in the new shade of blue plum. The underskirt of silk had one deep velvet flounce. The overdress had a front of velvet, with two side pieces of silk, put on in upturned folds. A deep fringe edges the overskirt, which is drawn tightly back, and fastened at intervals across a velvet sash, which latter is disposed in hanging loops. The basque is a cuirass, with silk sleeves, the latter arranged in upturned folds, with deep velvet cuffs. A small upturned collar, lined with silk, and a deep velvet pocket, also lined with silk, completed this elegant costume.

Black velvet underskirts are very popular this season; the plainer the more elegant they are deemed. Such a skirt, with a matelasse polonaise, though a very costly toilette, is a very charming and distingue one.

Cloaks, as we before said, are being made longer. Many accompany suits, and are made of the same material, very heavily padded, for street wear. Accompanying a cashmere and silk costume we saw a cloak of cashmere, made long and double-breasted and loose, having one small dart only on each side. The back had but one seam, and that was down the middle. The sleeves were looser than the ordinary coat sleeve, and the pockets wide and square and set on very far behind. The only trimming was three rows of wide mohair braid; similar rows are on the sleeves, the cuffs, and the deep collar.

Fur trimmings are very popular for cloaks and overskirts, jackets, etc. A kind called "Silver Otter" is very fashionable. "Silver Fox" is far too costly for ordinary purses.

A fancy in opera cloaks is to have them of matelasse silks in delicate tints. We saw a charming one of pale pink, lined with silver gray, and having long tassels of silver and pink, and an edge of silver braid just at the bottom.

Another of pale cream was lined with lilac, and had a border of soft white fur.

A hood of cream color, lined with a darker shade of lilac than that which lined the cloak, was attached, and had at the back of it long loops of lilac ribbon in the two shades, mingled with cream-colored ribbon.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A fanciful little capote for evening wear was made of scarlet cashmere, trimmed with two rows of gold galloon, and made with a pointed hood, which was set back on the head; long pointed scarf ends, tied under the throat; and tassels of scarlet and gold gave a dainty finish to the whole.

"Dog collars" for the neck, of alternate links and round pieces of nickel or silver-plated metal, are among the novelties.

Blonde lace with gold and colored threads is shown for trimming. It is in questionable taste, we think.

Fichus of sheer muslin, wrought in bright colors, are very fashionable.

Clusters of flowers are worn at the neck against the black lace scarfs, which are still popular.

Felt hats are more fashionable than velvet ones this summer.

Veils are of many shapes, but the preference is given to large square ones, worn with a point over the face, and drawn rather closely.

Brocaded ties, with deep mossy fringes, are fashionable for evening wear, in delicate colors.

Cardinal red is the popular tint for the promenade, and dark blue.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Annie R.—We advise you to buy a good black silk. Make with basque and overskirt, and trim with real lace or fringe. Yak lace is too common to trim a handsome silk. Get a black felt hat, and have a long black plume, with a shaded wing at the back, and cluster of [illegible].

Mrs. M. A. G.—Make your brown cashmere with a deep polonaise, and have trimming of silk or fringe. The deep pockets alluded to are gathered or pleated, and are placed low down on the right side. Get a gray or mixed suit for your boy of nine, with jacket and vest, and rather loose trousers. Make your girl's plaided dress with small overskirt, and a deep cuirass basque; trim with fringe to match. We can recommend the style for girls of wearing the hair loose, as it promotes the growth.

NINON.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE COLLEGIATE AND SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The University of Pennsylvania, at West Philadelphia, Penn., which now exhibits such marked prosperity and is making such rapid strides of progress, originated in and grew out of an early attempt at liberal education in the old Province of Pennsylvania. A school where Latin, English and Mathematics had been taught had been in progress for some time previous; but it was not until the 13th of July, 1753, that a charter was granted, incorporating the "Trustees of the Academy and Charity School in the Province of Pennsylvania." Two years later, the demand for higher education continuing to increase, a new charter was granted, adding a Collegiate Department to the already prosperous Academy and Charitable School. The first Commencement of the new college was held in 1757, when a class of seven young men were graduated. From this time the college increased in prosperity and numbers, attracting students from different parts of the country, and even from the West Indies, until in 1763 nearly four hundred individuals were receiving instructions in its various departments. Soon after the breaking out of the Revolution, however, the legislature of Pennsylvania, suspecting the loyalty of the college, abrogated its former charters, appointed a new Board of Trustees, conveyed all the property into their hands, added, out of confiscated estates, an endowment of £1,500 a year, and changed the name of the institution to the one which it now bears. This occurred in 1779. In 1789, owing to the efforts of the late authorities of the college, their title and property were restored to them, and an effort made to go on in the old path, notwithstanding the existence of the rival university. But it was soon found that the two institutions could not be supported, and accordingly in 1791 the college and university were united. At this time the university consisted of three departments besides the charity schools, viz: the Law and Medical departments, and the Department of the Arts. The building used was the old "Academy" on Fourth street, and this continued in use until the year 1800, when the building on Ninth street which had been erected for the residence of the President of the United States, when it was expected that Philadelphia would be the capital of the country, was purchased for the use of the university. From that time until 1872, this building was the home of the institution. From 1800 to 1866 the fortunes of the university were of a varying nature, which we have not space to detail. At the latter date Dr. Charles J. Stille became connected with the institution as professor in the Department of Arts, and in 1868 he was made provost of the university. Under his control, the institution has made rapid progress, and has entered upon a new and enlarged course of prosperity.

In the summer of 1868, as a preliminary to further important changes, it was resolved to remove the university from its old site in Ninth street, and measures were according taken to secure that end. These efforts resulted in the purchase of the present site in West Philadelphia, upon which the building now occupied by the university was erected. This was finished in September, 1872, and opened with appropriate ceremonies on the 11th of October. The lot on which the building is placed contains more than six acres, and is designed to be the site also of the buildings of the other departments of the university. Indeed the Hospital of the university of the Medical School has already been begun, and is rapidly approaching completion. The building of which the accompanying illustration gives a very fair representation, fronts on Locust street between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth streets. The structure consists of a main central building with connecting eastern and western wings, which are completed by towers. It extends, exclusive of towers, bay windows, etc., 254 feet in length, 103 feet 4 inches in breadth, with an additional projection of its central building 21 feet 10 inches beyond the wings. The cut gives a view of the front perspective of the building. The design is in what is termed the Collegiate Gothic style; the material used is Lieperville stone, for the basement, with base courses of Hummelstown brown stone. The walls above are serpentine marble, with cornices, gables, arches, etc., of Ohio stone. The entrance porch is of Franklin stone, with arch supported on polished red granite columns, with encircled capitals of Ohio stone. The windows of chapel and gables are decorated with geometrical tracery. The pointing is done with red mortar, and this, with the green color of the serpentine, and the relief afforded by the Ohio stone, gives the building an exceedingly rich appearance.

The cost of the entire building, exclusive of the special fittings required for the different laboratories, museums, cabinets, and the furniture, was $235,-910.46.

The organization of the university comprises four distinct departments, viz: the Department of Arts, the Department of Science, the Department of Medicine, and the Department of Law. The latter of these has recently been reorganized, and now has a faculty of five regular and two emeritus professors, and a total of fifty-eight students. In a subsequent number we hope to give our readers a description of the Medical and other Departments of the university.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—Martha's Jealousy. Making it Even. A Passing Thought. The Olden Time. Dead! Esmeralda. A Romance of Real Life. A Double Lesson. Dead Leaves.

G. B.—It is a very foolish piece of business for a young lady, who has become engaged to a man, to seek to pry into his previous love affairs. In such an undertaking, you cannot, of course, find out anything which will give you any pleasure, but will inevitably find out much that will annoy and pain you. You had better give up the idea.

A. F. Y. (Hollidaysburg Pa.)—The "seven wonders" of the ancient world, which you ask for, were: The Pyramids of Egypt; the Tomb of Mausolus, the King of Caria; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Statue of the Sun, at Rhodes; the Statue of Jupiter Olympus, and the Pharos of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria.

Sophie F.—The disparity of age is certainly great; but still it is a hard thing to be compelled to stifle the heart's affections through considerations on that account. Let both of you search well into your own heart—study well your feelings—and if you are convinced that your love is deep, sincere, and founded on principle, apart from mere external appearance, then our advice to you both is to marry at once.

Mabel, C. M.—We possess no knowledge of the necromancy of love. If you are not sought, you had better not try to seek. (2.) We cannot publish the signs of handkerchief flirtations, because we utterly disapprove of them. (3.) "Circumstances alter cases." It is not improper to request the escort of a cousin or very intimate friend, yet it would be better in all cases to let the gentleman proffer his services.

Gertrude.—Yes, the color of the eyes has a great deal to do with their strength, strange as it may appear to you. Those eyes which are brown or dark colored are weaker and more susceptible of injury from various causes than grey or blue eyes. Light blue eyes are generally the most powerful and next to these are grey. The lighter the pupil the greater and longer continued is the degree of tension the eye can sustain.

G. M. C.—The difference between the clock and suntime is explained by the elliptical motion of the earth round the sun, which causes an irregularity in the length of days. This is the briefest explanation of this subject we can give you in the little space here allotted to us; if you want to know more about it, you must read it up for yourself in any work on Natural Philosophy, under the head of "Equation of Time."

Puzzled.—You ask us "what is the meaning of a broken column as a monument in a cemetery?" It is one of the emblems of the abode of the dead, which speak a mystical language. What is a column; but the supporter of an edifice? And what is a "broken column," but the supporter broken down and the edifice fallen? You will see, therefore, how very appropriate, and at the same time simple is a broken column as a monument to the dead.

Thirty-Five.—It would be impossible for us to answer your question as to "what income would justify a man in marrying?" The sufficiency of an income whereon to marry must depend on circumstances, such as the disposition and previous habits of husband and wife, the style of residence, and more particularly on the wife's tact and management. There is no doubt that the income of a married life is a great source of its happiness or misery, and no one should think of marrying unless he has sufficient whereon to support a wife comfortably, or as she is willing to be supported.

Hamlet.—Unless a man has some practical knowledge of the stage, it is almost impossible for him to write a play which would stand any chance of being suitable. On a first-class play there is an expenditure of time and labor required, of which you seem to have but a very faint conception, and unless the writer is well known and popular, the chances against his manuscript ever being read by a manager are very small. It is not a business which we would recommend you to try your hand at just yet—at all events, until you have gained a little experience.

G. J. G.—There are infinite numbers of different kinds of marble. Some are of one simple color, as white or black; others variegated with stains, clouds, waves, and veins; but all opaque, excepting the white, which, cut into thin pieces, becomes transparent. Marble is found in considerable quantities in most of the mountainous parts of Europe. Derbyshire is that county of England most abounding in this article. Italy is that part of Europe which produces the most valuable marble. The black and the milk-white marble, coming from Carara, a town in the duchy of Massa, are particularly esteemed.

Fred K.—There is no doubt that many a man has been driven to ruin by a bad wife, as you say; nor is there any doubt that many a woman has been driven to ruin by a bad husband. Your argument that wives should do all in their power to keep their husbands in the right path, and to keep them from getting discouraged, is a very good one; but it will apply with equal force to husbands, and is too often lost sight of. The fact is, the keeping of the domestic hearth bright and cheerful, must be a matter of *mutual* concern and effort on the part of both husband and wife, or else it cannot be done at all.

J. E. S. (Germantown).—In our last issue (No. 16), you will find your questions partly answered in our article on Window Gardening, on our fourth page. To your question regarding the time "when chrysanthemums and gladiolus should be taken up," we reply that the time is when their leaves are dead; they should then be either buried in sand in the cellar, or placed on a shelf, or an open closet where the mice cannot reach them, and where they will not freeze. (2.) The varieties of bulbs mostly planted in the fall (which can be done any time this month, provided the ground is not frozen), are hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, snowdrops, narcissus, crown-imperials, etc. They should be set two inches below the surface, and require a rich, light, and somewhat sandy soil.

A Seeker After Knowledge asks to be informed "why the rays of the setting and the rising sun are red." The redness of the sun's rays at these times is due to the fact of the rays passing through a very much greater amount of the earth's atmosphere than they do when the sun is some distance from the horizon. Viewed from the centre of the earth, there would be no change in his appearance since the radii of a sphere being equal there could not be a greater amount of atmosphere in one direction than in another; but when the observation is made from near the surface of the sphere, this is altered, the vertical depth of the atmosphere being small compared with what might be called its horizontal depth. The reason why this greater depth produces the effect seen is, because the atmosphere absorbs the blue and green rays of the sun's light, and allow the red ones only to pass.

Smoker.—"Please tell me the best way of coloring a Meerschaum pipe, and how the process can be quickened, as I am aware that it takes a long time, how long I don't exactly know." The process is a tedious one, and if properly and carefully carried out, a genuine Meerschaum pipe can be colored in about two years' time, smoking three pipes a day, to ebony-blackness. At first you must smoke slowly and deliberately, as it does not do to make the pipe so hot that you cannot hold it in your hand. The process of coloring may be accelerated by removing the perforated bottom from the bottom of the bowl—and every pipe should be furnished with such a bottom—and saturating a little cotton or piece of sponge in perfumed sweet oil, putting it in the bowl just above the bore, and again replacing the bottom, so that the tobacco does not come in contact with the cotton or sponge. This oil assists the absorption of the poisonous oil distilled by the combustion of the tobacco, and facilitates the action of coloring the Meerschaum to the much-coveted blackness.

Miscellaneous.—May.—Any young lady, who makes the "winning of the affections of any young gentleman her chief study, will be apt to fail in that and almost everything else. W. R.—A person cannot "turn author" as he can turn anything else; we would advise you to adopt another occupation, because judging from your letter we cannot hold out to you much hope in a literary sphere. T. R. T.—Yours is not a case for a simple receipt; you should at once consult a medical man. J. E.—We are not acquainted with any work upon the subject to which we could refer you. Young Enquirer.—We do not know what paper would accept your MSS. It is very difficult for an unknown writer to dispose of his articles. H. C. (Steubenville).—As we have said before, the only way to remove tattoo marks is to raise a blister on the place. Any druggist will give you what you want. M. R. W.—You will find the passage, "The course of true love never did run smooth," etc., in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." M. W.—Massachusetts is called the Bay State, and New Hampshire the Granite State. F. W. M.—There is no law regulating the time that we over heard of. R. S. V. P.—All you have to do is to simply write a note, saying you regret that you are not able to accept the invitation. Beulah.—Your article was not up to our standard. We do not criticise, for were we once to do so, our work would be endless. Prairie Prince.—There never was any King of England of the name you mention. You had better study the History of England over again, that is, if you ever have studied it, which we beg leave to doubt. Templar.—And not to know the meaning of the motto, "In hoc signo vinces!" It is, "In this sign mayest thou conquer."

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*

POSTSCRIPTS.

Little bouquets of flowers are to be worn in the muffs this winter.

The London Underground Railroad last year carried 70,000,000 passengers.

Wyandotte is said to be such a busy place that people date their letters Y &.

It is a question whether the next Congress can be fairly considered a representative body, as there will be only two Smiths in it.

It is stated that a warehouse in one of the Philadelphia buildings will be set apart for the reception of Centennial poetry.

A man who bought a chest of tea in Binghampton found in it a stone weighing twelve pounds—a sort of thing calculated neither to cheer nor to inebriate.

Just to relieve the monotony of the Prince of Wales's £750,000 trip to India, he will have on the vessel that carries him a full band of music, a troupe of actors, a band of negro minstrels and several lively companions.

The announcement that ex-Senator Ross, of Kansas, has been promoted from the position of foreman to that of assistant editor of the Lawrence *Journal*, is gratifying evidence that there's a chance for reform for everybody in this world, even for retired congressmen.

The last new thing in coffins. You are placed in a glass box, to the top of which is affixed a metal rod. As soon as the earth is filled in, a battery is connected with a rod, and an electric shock shatters the coffin into a thousand pieces, thus affording the earth to press in on the dear departed, and causing him to return to dust even quicker than if in one of Mr. Seymour Haden's wicker-baskets.

The new diagonal waltz seems to occupy the minds of our dancers, and will, without doubt, be very popular this winter. The side step is *not* as easy as some imagine, but by one accustomed to and proficient in steering it may be readily acquired. To commence the Diagonal, begin at the top of the last line forming the letter W, and complete the letter without turning your partner; back and advance diagonally, at an angle of about forty-five degrees. We advise all who propose dancing this step to perfect themselves as nearly as possible in the plain waltz, insuring an easy movement, as the Diagonal can be danced only by light dancers.

The royal family of England have their religion pretty well divided up among the various churches, according to the following account: Queen Victoria is the legal head of the Episcopal church of England and the Presbyterian church of Scotland. When she is in England her Presbyterianism is technically called "dissent," and when she re-crosses the Tweed into Scotland her Episcopalianism becomes "dissent" there. The Prince of Wales is inclined to ritualistic ceremonies, whilst his eldest sister, the Princess of Germany, is a Lutheran; his brother-in-law, Lord Lorne, a Presbyterian; another brother-in-law, the Prince Imperial of Prussia, is a Protestant Lutheran; a sister-in-law, the Duchess of Edinburg, is a Greek Catholic; her husband a low church Episcopalian; the other brothers and sisters are Episcopalians and Presbyterians by turns — their particular creed depends upon their residence the time being.

There have been times when men undertook to manage the matter of feminine apparel. In the Middle Ages "cloth of gold and embroidered stuffs" were forbidden by royal ordinance, and as late as 1770 a law was enacted in England to the effect that any woman who should "impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of his Majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, artificial teeth, false hair, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips," should be prosecuted for sorcery, and the marriage declared null and void; and among other things to be remembered are many curious orders of the Colonial General Court, prohibiting the use of veils, frizzled hair, "superstitious ribbons," shoulder-bands, cuffs, ruffs, and "garments made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arms may be discovered in the wearing thereof."

THE GIRLS OF MANILLA.

BY A MIDDY.

Promptly at eight o'clock we drove into the widow's basement; we ascended the stone stair-way, and a scene of splendor, brilliant colors and black eyes burst upon our view. The Mestiza girls were sitting in a row on one side of the room about forty of them; some decked in gay plumage, yellow, pink and green being prominent colors, others dressed in sombre hues, they were mostly very pretty, with lithe, graceful figures, and eyes as black as coal. The gentlemen hovered near the doors of the grand sala, like hawks eying chickens; at the first note of the music they all made a pounce for partners. As I saw that pouncing was the go, I made a dive for a pretty yellow and green, rattled off a sentence from the fifteenth lesson in Ollendorf, "Will you do me the favor to bailar conmingo?" and started off on a dance I had never seen before, but which was easy to learn; it was the Habanera, a sort of walking embrace to slow music; you make a step to the right, rise on your toes, step to the left, rise, swing round, step to the right, and so on; then, when you wish to balance, you wink at some fellow, step in front of him and go through the ladies' chain, then clasp your partner's waist and take the other lady's right hand; the other fellow does the same, and now with the music you sway up to the centre, sway back, and revolve in an elliptic at the same time, after the manner of the planets. After swaying six times you drop the other lady's hand and gradually sail off again with the step and turn. The girls cling quite closely, and gaze up occasionally Spanish fashion. Whenever the couples ran against each other the girls sang out with a sharp little "Hi!" which was very amusing. They have a great way of kissing each other all the evening, and the fanciest kisses I ever saw; first, both kiss to starboard, and then to port. The first time I noticed it, a young damsel kissed my partner good-by, as she started to dance with me. I was astonished, and said we were not going far, which made them laugh. I found that the girls in contiguous seats kissed good-by before every dance, as if to say "You will elope this time, sure."

When the time for supper came, I fell into the line, and escorted a blooming Philippina to the table. I asked a resident American what I should help her to, and he said, emphatically, "Ham and turkey! Give her plenty of ham and turkey!" I gave her a full plate, which she soon dispatched and called for more. Everybody ate ham and turkey. The gentlemen acted as waiters, and afterwards sat down together. Spaniards are terrible eaters. And no wonder, on this occasion, for they came to the ball at eight o'clock and danced until five A. M.

A STORY ABOUT O'CONNELL.

One of the most effective weapons of O'Connell was his wit, which was always at his command. There are hundreds of stories detailing instances of his power in this respect. One of these is a story, where the victim was Dr. Russell, the famous correspondent of the London *Times*. On one occasion, when O'Connell was to address a monster meeting in Ireland, Russell was sent over by the *Times* to report O'Connell's speech, the purpose being to get evidence that could be used against him in case he should utter language capable of being interpreted as seditious. By O'Connell's advice, Russell was provided with every possible facility for his work. He was assigned a seat near O'Connell, where he could hear every word. O'Connell, before beginning his speech, informed the thousands of people present that there was a very able Englishman present who came all the way from England to report his speech; that it was to be printed in the London *Times*, and that the gentleman was desirous to get an accurate report, so that he could swear to it if necessary.

He therefore appealed to the Irish present to be quiet and orderly; to make no noise, and to do nothing that could disturb the English gentleman, or cause him to lose a word of the speech to which he was to swear. During these remarks he pointed out Mr. Russell personally, who was placed so conspicuously as to be easily seen by all. Then, turning to Mr. Russell, he asked him if there was anything he needed; if he was comfortably seated; if his pens were in order; and if he were ready to begin. By this time Russell had become the most interesting and conspicuous man in the crowd. Again appealing to the crowd to become quiet and let the gentleman get such a report as he could swear to, he informed Russell that he was about to begin. Russell dipped his pen in ink, and O'Connell began his oration—*in Irish!* The multitude saw the joke, and Russell was painfully impressed with the knowledge that he was laughed at. At intervals O'Connell would appeal in English to the crowd to be silent, as the English gentleman did not seem to get along very well, and would not be able to swear to the accuracy of the report. Every moment made Russell's position more painful, until at last, mortified and humiliated at the exposure of the real purpose of his visit, and at its defeat, he rose from his seat, left the meeting, and quitted Ireland.

THE QUEEN'S FARM.

Queen Victoria's favorite farm is that nearest Windsor Castle, and called, as already mentioned, the Prince Consort's Shaw Farm, consisting of about eleven hundred acres. This is one of the nicest holdings in the kingdom, and is, indeed, as perfect a specimen of a grazing farm as any one could wish to see. The entrance to the homestead is from the road leading to Old Windsor, about two hundred yards beyond where that road crosses the Long Walk. Large shafts are now being sunk all along this road in connection with the sewerage operations which are going on, for it is intended to carry all the sewage of Windsor out to a farm in the parish of Old Windsor, about a mile and a half distant. The homestead itself is a very good one; the bailiff's house and a very pretty cottage now occupied by two of the Queen's gardeners are really model residences.

A short walk through the pastures at the back of Frogmore House takes one from the farm buildings to the royal dairy, which is of itself worth a visit when permission can be had. This dairy is a perfect gem, and far surpasses anything which Marie Antoinette achieved at the Petit Trianon. The majolica and mosaic of the walls, which are studded with medallions of the Queen, the Prince Consort and their children, the double roof and three-fold windows—the inner window being of stained glass—the milk-pans in white and gold, and the curious inlaid floor, represent a large sum of money. All the butter made there is sent to the Isle of Wight daily, and to Scotland three times a week, when the Court is at Osborne or Balmoral, and fruit and vegetables are always dispatched at the same time. The cows which supply this dairy stand in a long range of stalls close by. There are a few bulls standing in these sheds, among them being two Swiss bulls presented to the Queen, a buffalo, and "King Koffee." The last named is an Ashantee bull, scarcely as large as a goat, brought back from Coomassie, and he is only kept as a curiosity.

Close to the dairy is the poultry house, which contains some very good gold and silver pheasants, some Andalusian fowls, and a few of the old-fashioned "Scotch grays." In the centre of this poultry-house, or aviary, is a little cottage in which the Queen used to come for her five o'clock tea, but since Frogmore has been empty she has no further use for it.

In reference to the laborers employed on the farms, it may safely be said they are very well cared for. Though the money payments are only fourteen shillings a week for ordinary laborers, it is estimated that, what with house rent, fuel, milk, and other advantages, their wages are equivalent to little less than one pound a week. Nor is this all, for the bailiff has a sort of savings bank fund for the men who learn to read and write, and some of them have done so well that they have as much as twenty pounds standing to their credit.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone, and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. if it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Stone chips and dust may be cemented by means of calcined magnesia and bitten water into a hard artificial stone of good quality.

The combustion of one pound of coal in one minute is productive of a force equal to the work of three hundred horses during the same time.

An iron wire will break with three miles of its length in the sea. The Atlantic cable will bear eleven miles of its length. A hempen cable will bear nearly twenty miles of its length.

A young Canada farmer has invented a machine, which is said to work satisfactorily in model, for reaping grain. It cuts the stalks, gathers them in a bundle, twists a band of straw and binds the sheaf, cuts the ends of the band and throws the sheaf aside.

A new kind of wall decoration has come into favor in France. These consist of double sheets of glass, the inner surface of the under sheet being painted in oil-color, in imitation of lapis-lazuli, jasper, onyx, or some other costly stone. They are used like tiles, for walls, wainscots, ornamental pavements, cabinet furniture, and the like.

If a person eats between meals, the process of digestion of the food already in the stomach is arrested, until the last which has been eaten is brought into the condition of the former meal, just as if water is boiling and ice is put in, the whole ceases to boil until the ice has been melted and brought to the point, and the whole boils together.

We have read so many startling accounts of apparent death followed by burying alive, that we may not be unwise in bearing the following in mind: A medical gentleman of Cremona states that if a drop of ammonia be injected beneath the skin, a red spot will appear should the patient be alive, but if death has actually taken place no such effect follows.

So far as was practicable, Dr. Lancaster, of London, recently exhibited to the audience, at one of his lectures, the product of the analysis of a man's body. Dr. Lancaster exhibited on the platform 23.1 pounds of carbon, 2.2 pounds of lime, 22.3 ounces of phosphorus, and about one ounce each of sodium, iron, potassium, magnesium, and silicon, and apologized for not exhibiting also 5,595 cubic feet of oxygen, 105,900 cubic feet of hydrogen, and 52 cubic feet of nitrogen.

There is a gigantic ice-house in Brussels, Belgium, whose roof covers an area of 1,600 square metres. The walls are double and filled with moss and sawdust. There are nine separate ice-chambers, each of 1,000 cubic metres capacity. The temperature never exceeds 36½° Fahrenheit. There are galleries set apart for the storing of meat in hot weather, capable of hanging 2,000 quarters, and having them perfectly isolated. A million tons of ice have been stored in the building at one time.

In the course of a recent after-dinner speech President Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, made the statement that the English language was twenty-five per cent. a cheaper language to use in telegraphing than any other, and thirty-three per cent. more concise, and therefore cheaper for telegraphing than the French. As this statement may be regarded as final, since it comes from so high an authority, philologists will find in the facts attractive material for further research.

Utilizing Superheated Steam.—In Rounebeck, Bremen, an engine has been nearly completed by Herr Trossin which resolves the problem, which for nearly thirty years has engaged the attention of inventors, of the utilization of superheated steam in common engines. The answer to the problem has been found in the application of a physical law, and the use of a peculiar lubricant. An engine working with superheated steam needs only half the ordinary amount of coal, the boiler and grate can be smaller by one-half, the supply of water by one-third, and the air-pump and condenser are equally reduced to half their usual space. The improvement has been patented in England, Belgium and other countries, and can easily be applied to engines of the existing type.